

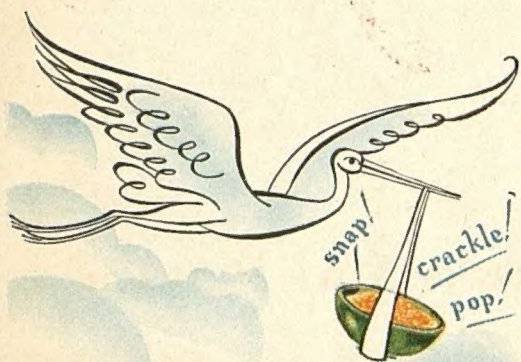
MAY 18,
1940

Liberty 5¢



Is President Roosevelt Physically Fit for a Third Term?
WINGS OF WRATH—A Great New Novel by Oscar Schisgall Author of I Married a Nazi
DO I PREACH ADULTERY? by BERTRAND RUSSELL

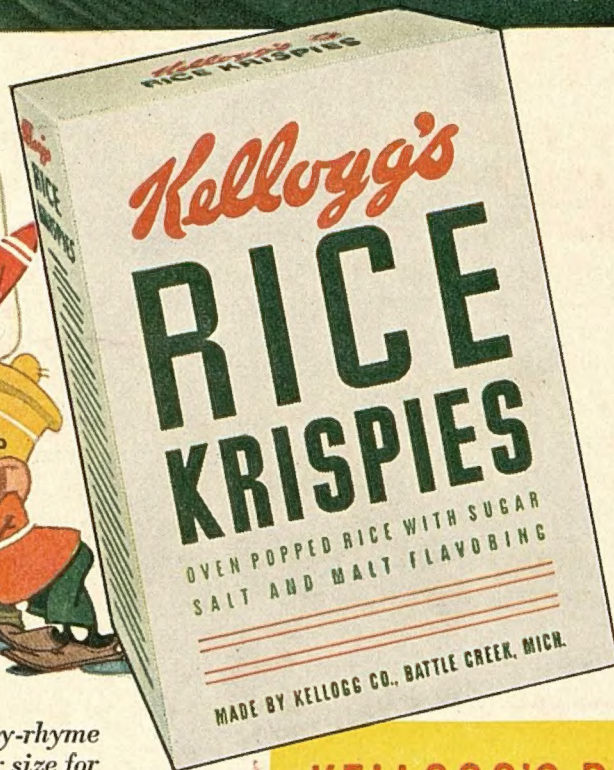
Born TO BE *Crisp* and to stay that way!



Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or
canned fruits.



Sensational offer! Attractive, nursery-rhyme
wall plaques in gorgeous colors. Proper size for
grouping. Six different subjects. See back of
Rice Krispies package.



So you want something new for breakfast!
Well, just serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies
and listen to the cries for "more!"

Kellogg's Rice Krispies are crunchy-
crisp from first spoonful to last. Kellogg
flavors them to a unique recipe . . . "pops"
them in ovens . . . toasts them a tempting
golden-brown. Pour on milk or cream and
hear them snap! crackle! pop!

You'll like Kellogg's Rice Krispies . . .
and so will the whole family. Only premium
quality, American-grown "Blue Rose"
rice is used. And every package is *really*
fresh, thanks to Kellogg's exclusive inner-
wrap—completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed
at both top and bottom. Order today.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES "OVEN-POPPED" Rice
Krispies float for hours
in milk or cream. The name "Rice Krispies" is Kellogg's trade-mark
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice.

Do you see Ann?

No! I see a Smiling Young Bride.

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Her Smile is Lovely beyond Words.

What could the Reason be?

Perhaps because she started young to use Ipana and Massage.



Your own smile is priceless... guard it! Let Ipana and Massage help keep your gums healthier, your teeth and smile more sparkling!



GO TO your children...consider their ways and be wise...might well be an adage for many an adult when it comes to proper dental care.

For today, thousands of youngsters are being taught in classrooms a lesson many parents still have to learn...the value of *gum massage* to healthy gums, sparkling teeth.

They know that most modern foods we eat deprive our gums of the exercise and stimulation they need for health. No wonder, then, that our gums often tend to become soft, tender... and signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink"!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The minute "pink" shows on your tooth brush...*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble, but get his advice. Very likely,

he'll tell you your gums are lazy, need "waking up." And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!"

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, is designed to aid gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. You'll notice an invigorating "tang"...exclusive with Ipana and massage. This "tang" is an indication that you are stimulating gum circulation... helping gums to become healthier—teeth more sparkling!

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste today! And start the daily habit of Ipana and massage...for firmer gums, brighter teeth, more radiant smiles!

Ipana Tooth Paste

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE IN CHARACTER BUILDING



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

We are living in a world that seems to be guided by greed and selfishness that is limitless. Human life is snuffed out with wanton cruelty. Men, crazed with hate, are ordered around like automatons, are sent where wholesale murder is the main objective.

In such a time we need a balance wheel, and to most of us that can rarely be secured without belief in a Supreme Being that we can look up to for assistance and guidance. We have been taught to revere religious principles. The idea that good deeds have their own reward, that you get back what you give out of life, has been taught us everywhere by our spiritual advisers.

Character, mental balance, and the ability to make life profitable in health and happiness should be our greatest objective.

Character is built upon definite principles. It is fertilized by the spiritual insight which gives us enthusiasm and idealism. It is made fruitful by perseverance and loyalty. It is glorified by that mysterious force we call personality. It becomes a divine force when stabilized by religious ideals. It is vitalized and strengthened by a hardy physique.

Strength of character is the first requisite of a successful, satisfying career. Character is made or unmade by environment and education. Spiritual ideals help in the struggle between the forces that every individual must face. Good and evil often struggle for mastery within the human soul. Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde fight for supremacy.

Our future depends largely upon the training, religious or otherwise, which is not necessarily obtained in schools. Furthermore, all life is a school. If we are intelligent, the daily emergencies with which we come in contact bring lessons from which we should acquire valuable knowledge. Building of character might be termed the foundation of all progress.

Character makes the man—and the woman. It guides their careers. When life's great school fails to build character we are like a rudderless ship; we are on our way, but we don't know where we are going. One with a stable character "goes places." He is capable, dependable; he knows what he wants. He works with enthusiasm and determination. You cannot beat him down. Unknowingly

he follows the slogan of the Salvation Army—"You may be down, but you're never out." Such a man, when he rises from a crushing blow, goes on with renewed determination. He has the "never say die" attitude.

But back of this spiritual force, associated with character building, should be that balance which recognizes the value of physical excellence; that becomes a stabilizing force which brings self-reliance and enables one to follow a rigid discipline. There are only rare exceptions when a strong character can be developed within a frail body. Whether you are a minister of the gospel, a legal expert, or a business executive, the force that originates in the healthy body represents a tremendously important factor.

Our great educational institutions are controlled by rigid restrictions. In the school of life the student can make his own rules, but the lessons that he learns should guide his decisions intelligently.

A life of luxury and ease is destructive to mind and body; an objectless existence leads nowhere. Activity is not only the law of life, it is a necessary part of life. Stagnation leads to the cemetery. To strengthen determination, the mind must be stirred with a spiritual impetus and the body must be made more vigorous. To strengthen character, a definite fixed objective must be kept in mind—preferably one that is difficult of attainment—and then work with might and main to reach it.

We should not shrink from hard work nor be afraid of self-denial. The road that leads to achievement is not smoothly paved. It is often rough, even mountainous; but character is built by overcoming difficulties, and failure should not be a discouraging influence. Those who have never failed are devoid of initiative. They never try anything new. Many great men have learned the lessons that lead to achievement through many failures.

The life supreme, which brings out the best within the body, mind, and soul, requires the knowledge essential to mental balance—a harmonious development of all the human forces. An occupation must be selected that arouses ambition, fires the imagination with vivid enthusiasm. It is only under such circumstances that one is ready to profitably contend for life's great prizes.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, \$2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year. In all other countries, \$4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address, but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed). Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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2. New G-E Air Filter revitalizes the cool, circulating air—practically eliminates the transfer of food odors inside the cabinet.



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These refrigerators are the thriftiest, most complete that G-E has ever built. Yet prices are lowest in G-E history. You pay *only* a few dollars more than for the cheapest refrigerator. Think of the economy and satisfaction of *owning the best*.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

JUST OFF THE BOAT FROM HAVANA

Octavus Roy Cohen O.K.'s HAVANA TASTE of NEW WHITE OWL



OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, one of America's top-notch fiction writers, recently returned from his latest of many trips to Cuba. We interviewed him at the dock, while his memories of Cuba were still fresh in his mind.



OWL: Welcome back, Roy. Been down for some Havana inspiration?

COHEN: Been down for it—and brought it back... plenty of hunches for new stories.



OWL: You'd know a true Havana cigar flavor?

COHEN: Guarantee to spot it at ten paces.

OWL: Light up one of our new White Owl Cigars and tell us about its flavor.



COHEN (after several puffs): Right! Of course, it is a lot milder than the all-Havana cigars of Cuba—but it sure has a real Havana flavor.

MR. COHEN is known to his friends as a "Havana commuter." He knows intimately the rich taste of a good cigar. Note what he has to say about the new White Owl.

The new Blended-with-Havana White Owl does have a rich Havana flavor—hundreds of thousands of smokers will go along with Octavus Roy Cohen on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for White Owl sales record. Try one today!

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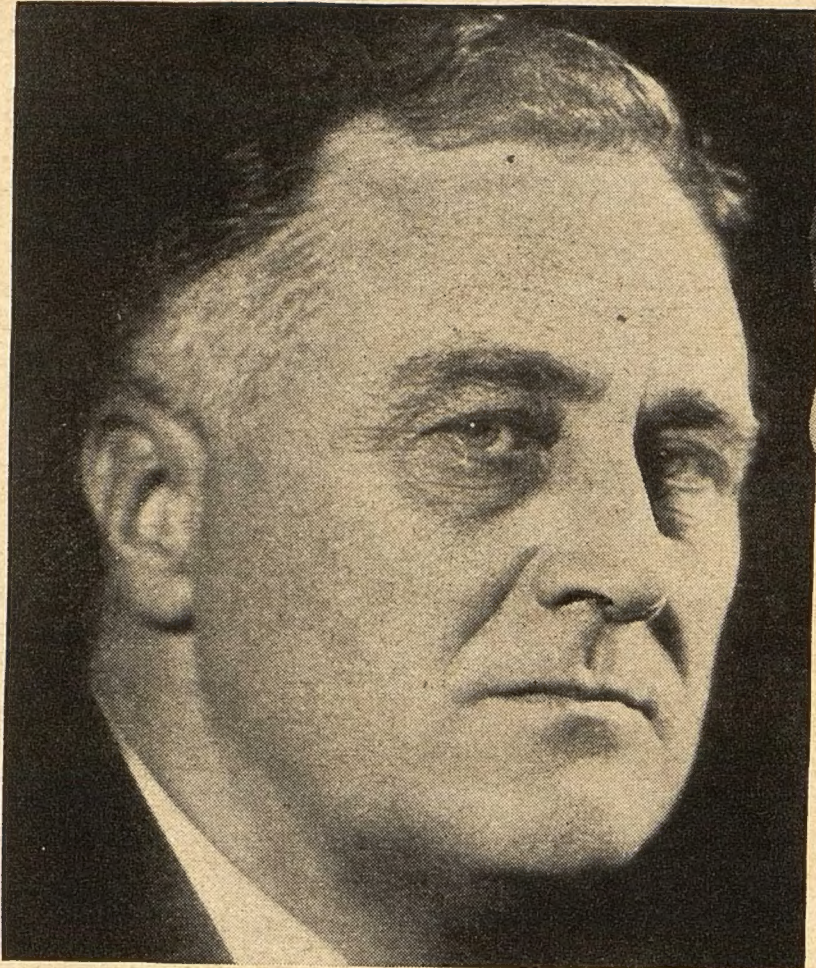
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NEW

WHITE OWL-Today

5¢

See how the new White Owls are made—New York World's Fair, 1940



How much have seven years in the White House aged him? Above is the candidate of 1932; at right, the President today.



IS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Physically fit FOR A THIRD TERM?

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BY WALTER KARIG

**A vital question! . . . Liberty
gives you the revealing facts**

A FEW weeks ago President Roosevelt canceled his press conferences and appointments and betook himself to bed with what every one assumed to be another of his colds.

The usual period of rest and isolation passed, but the President did not resume his office routine. Officials with whom business had to be transacted were summoned to his bedroom. Rear Admiral Ross McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy and Mr. Roosevelt's personal physician,

informed the White House newspaper correspondents through Stephen Early that an intermittent fever of one degree or less was hanging on stubbornly.

With his few visitors the President joked about his "touch of swamp fever." These visitors, waylaid by the press, declared that he

did not look sick or act so at all. But when he delayed his long-projected visit to Warm Springs, Georgia, gossip flared.

Was Franklin D. Roosevelt beginning to crack under the strain of seven arduous years in the White House? Was this the end to all third-term speculation?

One heard fantastic stories in the corners and corridors of the Capitol. It was solemnly asserted as the real inside dope that the President, informed he could not survive a third term, was going to seek re-election anyhow, with Attorney General Jackson or Secretary of State Cordell

Hull as his Vice-Presidential running mate, with the intention of resigning early in 1941.

Perhaps all the rumors could have been prevented if full frankness had prevailed. Franklin D. Roosevelt is a mortal man with a stomach and kidneys and intestines and lungs that get out of order occasionally like anybody else's. What ailed him in April was a mild intestinal influenza.

Of course Mr. Roosevelt's health is more guarded than the average person's. Dr. McIntire spends a part of each day in the White House and supervises the President's daily exercises. He is there to prevent illness. Such constant attention is given every President. Yet, despite this safeguard, so nearly superhuman is the Presidential labor that few long survive their terms at it.

So the question whether Franklin Roosevelt's health could stand the unprecedented strain of a third term is not only fair but very important. It is only slightly more important than the question how good is his physical and mental vigor after two terms, for in or out of the White House, as long as he lives and thinks, Franklin Roosevelt will be a powerful influence in the United States.

But who is to answer these questions fairly, objectively? In the face of the charges of ill health by the President's enemies, here is what the authorities give out.

NO living person knows more about Mr. Roosevelt's health than Admiral McIntire. He says, discounting the handicap of paralysis which is no health factor at all, that the President is just about the soundest and most vigorous man of fifty-eight in the world today.

"A chart of his health record over the last seven years would show no peaks and valleys," Dr. McIntire asserts. "His weight has not fluctuated nine pounds. At his heaviest he has weighed 191, at his lightest, 182.5; but most of the time he weighs between 184 and 188. His weight goes up when a long trip prevents him from exercising."

Exercising? Four times a week if possible, and never less than three, the President puts in from an hour to an hour and a quarter at physical-culture exercises. He swims in the White House pool, and he walks—yes, walks—and stretches. Dr. McIntire believes with Bernarr Macfadden that systematic exercise and massage is of vital importance. While Mr. Macfadden is heart and soul against many Roosevelt policies, they do agree about walking.

Up to two years ago Mr. Roosevelt followed this routine five days a week, but he was prone to overdo it, and at Dr. McIntire's orders he curtailed it. From the waist up, he has the physique of a heavyweight boxer, and his muscular hands can palm a medicine ball.

He adheres to no special diet. When he becomes overweight he eats less of everything. He takes no medicines.

Except for this year's intestinal flu he has been actually ill only twice since 1933, once with a stomach upset and once from an infected tooth. He is somewhat subject to colds.

Twice a year the President, as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, gets the same thorough physical examination that every general, admiral, second lieutenant, or ensign must undergo. Dr. McIntire insists that he has passed all the tests with a margin to spare.

What about his blood pressure, that barometer of health in middle age? Dr. McIntire says it is and has been just what it should be for a man of his age; seldom varies, and never beyond the permissible range of fluctuation due to strain, fatigue, excitement, or illness.

Organically, Mr. Roosevelt is declared to be sound enough to be underwritten for another million-dollar life-insurance policy.

"I think," Dr. McIntire sums up, "that for a man of fifty-eight the President is certainly in as good health as we could expect anybody to be, with certain advantages few other men have. Notable among these is his remarkable physical reserve, his immense power of recuperation. The rest of us on the White House staff would be dead if we had to keep pace with him. I mean that. My greatest effort is to see that he does not shove himself into fatigue."

"The finest thing about the man as a physician's responsibility is his optimistic approach to every problem, every task. It goes far to keep him in physical tone. He gets the maximum benefits from rest. He knows how to relax. He usually sleeps eight hours, retiring at eleven or midnight, waking at eight. It was that ability that carried him through the terrific ordeal of last September"—when the European war began.

BY the appraisal of his personal physician, then, President Roosevelt can keep right on.

So what? Dr. McIntire wouldn't say anything else, would he?

Well, I think Ross McIntire would tell the truth or say nothing at all, and he would be within his rights if he chose to say nothing. It can be conceded, however, that his appraisal needs to be checked against other observations. What disinterested observer has seen the President nearly every day since 1933?

One man uniquely has had such intimate access to Mr. Roosevelt—as to at least three of his predecessors in the White House. This is a man under no obligations to Presidents or politicians. He is John Russell Young of the Washington Evening Star, dean of the corps of White House correspondents. He knew President Wilson and President Harding. He was a close and intimate friend of President Coolidge. Next to Mark Sullivan, he was President Hoover's chosen friend among the newspapermen, and he stands no lower in Roosevelt's estimation.

So I asked Russ Young. Could F. D. R. stand another term?

Young answered with an unhesitant "Yes," and went on to explain:

"Roosevelt has something that no other President in my time has had. That is a gift, a God-sent gift, which enables him to lock up all his tremendous worries and responsibilities in some mental cupboard for fifteen minutes or half an hour, and forget them while he relaxes in pure fun. Then he unlocks the cupboard, hauls out the grim business of being President, and tackles the job, mentally refreshed."

Certainly the President has aged, Young points out. No man looks the same at fifty-eight as at fifty-one. But he has the same zest, the same gift of quick repartee, the same remarkable memory for the background and details of all the involved business of government which amazed his mass interviewers when the press conferences were instituted in 1933. You or I may or may not agree with the policies that the Roosevelt mind evolves; but I know of no reporter who matches wits with the President each Tuesday and Friday who would not agree with Russ Young.

FROM many sources other than the two quoted, including personal observation, it can be reported, too, that Roosevelt charges his mind like a storage battery from contacts with others. He likes people, and goes to work on them to discover what they think and why.

For all that, he is a lonely man, for perhaps there is none lonelier than he who must live in a glass house. He has no cronies, no intimates.

If there is one quirk in the Roosevelt mind that makes his political foes shake their heads, it is what they call his vindictiveness. It is claimed he is unforgiving and frequently revengeful. That trait is strangely at odds with his ability to see a joke—even to the extent of being a collector of Roosevelt "stories," printable or not. The way he went after the conservative senators during the famous 1938 "purge" is cited as the best known illustration of his implacability. His constant bickering with newspaper editors and publishers is another frequently advanced. Anti-administration editorials anger him, so all editors and publishers are held by him to be dangerous enemies until proved otherwise.

All this is not so far afield from the topic of President Roosevelt's ability to withstand a third term. Unless the United States is literally forced into the war, there will be no such united nation behind any President as there was from 1933 through 1936. Impatience with the opposition, vindictiveness toward those who differ, might be as sad a handicap for a President and for the nation he guides as chronic headaches or indigestion. On the other hand, of course, a third-terming Roosevelt might master that weakness completely.

THE END

THE MODERATION HOUR



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BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION



BEGINNING

Wings of Wrath

A great new novel of love and
high adventure in 1940's war

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Author of *I Married a Nazi*

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ONE—TRAGEDY . . AND A GIRL

BEING young, Lieutenant Commander Ernst von Ladensdorf could still be sentimental. The war had not yet had a chance to hurt him; not so deeply, at any rate, that he could kill with complete satisfaction. Instead, now that the opportunity had come, he found, with some irritation, that his nerves were unsteady.

He stood on the U-boat's deck, legs parted. North Sea spray stung his face, making him squint, and a midnight wind tore at his oilskins. He had to hold on to a rail, for the swells threatened to spill him down slopes of wet steel. But all this he ignored.

Two miles away, running without lights, the British ship *Carthage* was silhouetted against the moon.

It should not be difficult to destroy her, he reflected. Two hits would do it. During years of maneuvers near Helgoland he had sunk rotting hulls that had been towed out as targets. And that was how he must regard this ship, he told himself.

But the trouble was that this two-funneled Britisher, cleaving her way at top speed from Copenhagen to Harwich, was not a rotting hull. She was a thing alive, beautifully streamlined and swift and dynamic, and she carried passengers. Cargo, too; a cargo he had been ordered to sink. And he was determined to do it. Yet, perversely, he couldn't wrench his thoughts away from the passengers. Hundreds of them, he supposed. The kind of people he had seen thronging German trains to the border, to Copenhagen, only a few months ago.

He had helped some of them lift children and baggage into train compartments. And he rather wished he could fire a warning shot, allowing them a few minutes to escape in lifeboats. . . .

But that, of course, was unthinkable. He had been informed that the *Carthage*, though a merchant vessel, had mounted cannons fore and aft.

Well, pretty soon, Lieutenant Commander von Ladensdorf assured himself, he'd have no need to worry about such things as giving warnings. You didn't have to warn battleships; you didn't dare warn them. And in a few weeks, if the rumors he'd heard in Berlin were true, there'd be only battleships in the North Sea. No more of this exasperating passenger traffic between Scandinavian ports and England. Once Germany's forces invaded Denmark, once they marched into Norway . . . But that was still in the future, and Lieutenant Ladensdorf crushed the thought.

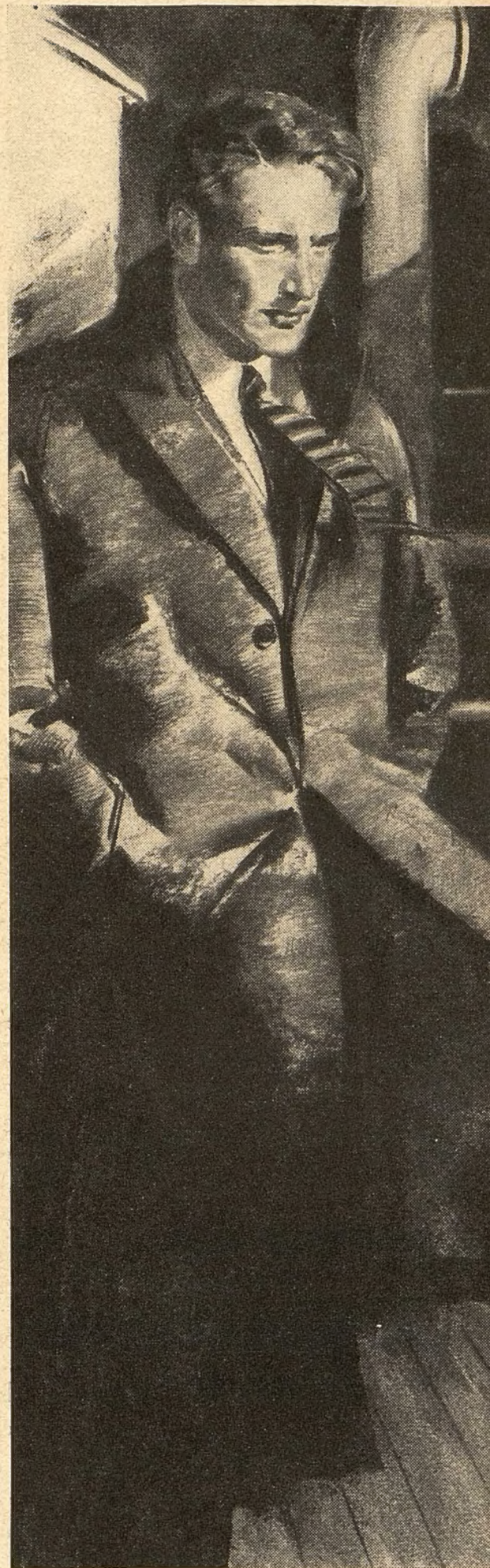
To the officer who stood behind him, in the turret, he said decisively, "We will submerge and approach." His voice, however, annoyed him. It sounded too strained. It wasn't the voice of a Prussian officer. When he spoke again, he forced it to be harsh. He flung out angrily, "At once! Prepare to attack!" . . .

Along the rail of the darkened *Carthage* sailors were stationed at intervals of twenty yards. Their eyes, seldom rising from the sea, watched narrowly for a triangle of white spume. They were anxious eyes.

Now, at midnight, only two passengers were on deck. They walked slowly behind the sailors, the old man's arm hooked in his son's. For Professor Anton Freel needed support these days. His legs were bent and

his shoulders felt so heavy that they sagged.

In Berlin the officials must have realized that the days of his usefulness, if not altogether past, were certainly limited. Perhaps that was why they had permitted him to leave.



Looking across the sea, he said in German, "It seems so useless to black out the ship when they cannot black out *that*." And he nodded to the moon.

Apparently his son didn't hear what he said. Professor Freel waited a few seconds, then gently

squeezed the younger man's arm.
"Kurt."

Kurt Freel started out of reverie with an upward jerk of his head.
"Sorry, father. I—I was thinking."

"Of her again. It does no good, Kurt." The old man drew in disap-

He kept his hands clenched deep in the pockets of his coat. He wore no hat and the wind rioted in his brown hair. Now and then one of the sailors turned to stare after him, marveling at his height.

"The sooner you stop thinking of

remembering his two older sons, Hans and Gustave, who had died in concentration camps; remembering his struggles to secure their release. He had run everywhere, seen everybody. He had pleaded; he had argued. That was the year that had aged him. He had done everything conceivable for eight months, until the middle of July. Then he had been informed that his efforts were useless, since both sons had died in February. . . . At moments it choked him with an inexpressible agony to realize that he, whose time was almost ended, had been released from Germany to begin life anew; while two of his sons, who were so young, had been blotted out of existence. . . .

As they rounded the foredeck, Professor Freel whispered, "The war will change things, Kurt. The war *must* change things."

"Not if they win."

"They cannot win. They have no cause."

They. In a way, it seemed strange to Anton Freel that he, a German, should be talking of his people as *they*. He who had been acclaimed one of Germany's most brilliant physicists, twice a candidate for a Nobel prize. He who could trace his lineage through seven generations of Prussians. He had always been proud of that heritage. He was still proud of it. But he found it impossible with intellectual honesty to see these new young men in black shirts, these confident young strangers with swastikas on their arms, as lords of the Germany that was his. Rather they seemed to be a race of interlopers; a race whose actions were as bewildering to him as was their philosophy.

Coming to the port deck, he realized that Kurt was talking with muted savagery: "They've hurt us enough. It's time to fight back. I want to *do* something! I've even thought that if I could enlist in the British—"

With sharpness the old man interrupted, "Kurt, that is nonsense!"

"Why nonsense?"

"This is not your war! You're an American."

"I don't want America in this war. Good God, no! The war has to be kept *away* from America. When I say I want to hit back, I'm not talking for America. I'm talking for myself—for Kurt Freel!"

The professor looked harassed—until he recalled something that brought relief to his tones. He said, "Ach, Kurt, why do we talk? You cannot enlist. Neither the British nor the French would take you, with your eye." And then, perhaps because he dreaded this talk of enlistment, the professor pulled his son toward the door of the saloon. "Enough for tonight," he pleaded. "I am tired, Kurt. I am very tired."

They entered, and Kurt did not answer. He thought of their cabin down on the water line, its porthole locked and blackened. Its atmosphere was hot and stifling, almost fetid. Yet they had been lucky to get any accommodations at all.



She gave him an easy ship-board nod, hoping, despite his grimness, that he'd pause to talk. He didn't.

proving lips. "You torture yourself for nothing."

Kurt said bitterly, "I know. I ought to say, 'The devil with her—with them both'—and tear them out of my mind. Only—she's hard to forget!"

what is past," his father repeated stubbornly, "the better off you'll be."

Kurt said, "It isn't only Hilda. It's everything back there. Everything. I hate it!"

To this the old man could bring no immediate reply. He closed his eyes,

"I'll take you down and come back," Kurt said. "I don't think I can sleep."

"Not if you're going to spend the night thinking of Hilda."

They were crossing the saloon now. Professor Freel, still clinging to his son's arm, looked about at half a dozen passengers, some reading, some dozing. In the dim light his face appeared ravaged—a gray bony face deeply furrowed, its eyes lost in shadows. He waited until they were descending to D deck. Then he said firmly:

"I see no problem for you, Kurt. You will take me to America, where you will resume your work. What else is there to do? You will take up life where you left off, helping them build their planes. And you will remember that you are an American, and that America needs peace. Everything else must be put out of your mind. Even Hilda. It is the only way to remain sane."

It was time to turn in for the night, but the girl in the gray tweed coat came out on deck for a last breath of air. She hadn't troubled to bind anything around her head. Her hair flew gaily—light hair, golden-yellow. She was a tall girl with long legs and a good figure. Some of the sailors forgot their vigil while they stared at her.

Presently she went to the rail. "If you see one," she asked a sailor, "how do you signal?"

He answered promptly, "I yells, ma'am. I yells like the very devil—beggin' yer pardon. We pass the yell along."

Claudia Gage watched the swells with speculative interest. It must be terrifying, she mused, to see steel rise out of that blackness; to see it come up slowly, inexorably, and shoot destruction across the surface.

"They could hardly come up out there—close to us, I mean—without our seeing them, could they?" she asked.

"Not 'tween us an' the moon, ma'am. No. We'd be bound to see her, close to. But if one tikes it into its head to come up on our port—well, it'll tike a bit o' seein' over there!"

Hearing steps behind her, Claudia Gage looked over her shoulder and saw the tall young man she had noticed in the saloon a few minutes ago. She gave him an easy shipboard nod, rather hoping, despite his grimness, that he'd pause to talk.

He didn't. He returned her nod mechanically, scarcely seeing her, and passed on, head bent, hands in pockets.

"E's been at it like that all evenin'," confided the sailor. "Sometimes alone an' sometimes with the old bloke. Bet he's walked ten miles. Nervous-like, I guess. Can't blame 'em, though." And he added in a conspiratorial whisper, "They talks German!"

"Indeed?" Claudia tossed it off casually. "Refugees, I expect. The ship is crowded with them."

She decided on a round of the decks

before going below. A brisk one. By this time the tall man must be on the other side of the ship. She didn't anticipate another encounter. Still, if they did chance to meet and he spoke to her, she knew she'd welcome it.

Claudia hadn't spoken with any passenger since the young Englishman, David Cresson, had cornered her in the lounge. Cresson had witnessed the invasion of Poland, the bombing of Warsaw. He had tried to talk about it calmly. But in the end he'd gone off to get drunk. "Be delighted to have you get potted with me, Miss Gage," he said. "But whether with you or without you, dear lady, I need stupor. Cheerio!"

She hadn't moved to stop him. . . . Now she turned into the port deck. A few clouds scudded across the moon, and suddenly the night was black. She shivered slightly in the wind.

This, she told herself, was the most fantastic trip she had ever made. Unreal. Like something in a nightmare. It seemed incredible that only a few weeks ago she had been talking serenely with Jean Sibelius and Sigrid Undset; with Sillanpää and Nexö and the others. But now nothing mattered except guns and blackouts and U-boats. . . .

And soon she too would be part of it. Of course she was part of it already. Yet it would be different when she actually put on a uniform. Being a member of the WAFS—the Women's Auxiliary Air Force—held one reassuring prospect for her, at any rate. It might help to keep her close to her father. It might—

She didn't finish the thought. She couldn't.

That was when Lieutenant Commander Ernst von Ladensdorf's torpedo blasted a thirty-foot hole in the port side of the Carthage—a direct hit amidships, just below the cabin occupied by Professor Anton Freel.

WITH an abortive heave the Carthage rose out of the sea. When she fell again, shuddering violently throughout her length, she dipped her bow into the waves and keeled over on her side.

Kurt Freel was pitched sideward, his shoulder crashing against the rail. He sprawled there, and deck chairs slid down on him in a massed attack. Some of them he fought off with kicks. Others hit him, and a few plunged over him, over the rail. And through their clatterings he was aware of yells—yells that came from far behind him, out of the sea, from men thrown into it.

Incredibly the Carthage began to straighten. She came up trembling. As she settled, Kurt pushed himself to his feet. He was pallid, and there was a thumping ache in his chest where the corner of a chair had struck. He looked around, momentarily too dazed to think. People were lurching out on deck—the shadowy figures of officers, of stewards, of passengers who had been in the saloon. The screams from the sea were

far aft now, and faint. He turned his head toward them. In a sudden flood of moonlight he saw that sailors astern were tearing down life belts. Some of the belts soared overboard in the direction of the screams. And he saw men running toward lifeboats.

Then a voice directly behind him shouted, "You stewards! Stay where you are! Stand by to help passengers!"

Abruptly Kurt's mind cleared. He sucked in a sharp breath. He ran to the saloon's door. His father was four decks below, and Professor Freel, if he was to get up here quickly, had to be helped.

By the time Kurt reached the companionway, he had to fight his way down the stairs. People were surging up against him, their upturned faces ghastly in the light. Square Norse faces, flat Slavic faces, lean Latin faces. And all were pale, all were unbelievably quiet. They seemed determined, on common impulse, to avoid panic.

AT the top of the stairs somebody caught Kurt's arm. A voice said something, but he didn't hear. He wrenched his wrist free and continued down.

He thrust his way down to B deck, down to C deck. Here the crowds were no longer overwhelming, and he could slip among them. But their terror seemed intensified. The eyes he saw were desperate.

Below there was a strange roar. He didn't understand its cause until he turned into the last flight of steps. And then what he saw halted him.

Water!

Swirling water, foaming in spots, running swift and deep and green in the passageway below. D deck was under two feet of it. A floating stool struck the steps, and pieces of clothing streamed past in an endless parade. A steward groped toward the companionway, arms outstretched, water washing past his knees.

Kurt ran down. Halfway to the bottom the steward seized him. "You can't go into that!"

But Kurt pushed the man aside. He stepped into the water. It was cold. He waded against its sweep—but abruptly stopped to gape.

Just beyond the door of his father's cabin the walls of the passageway, like the ceiling, had collapsed in a mass of wreckage. Steel plates hung twisted in an impassable barricade. And the cabin door was hardly a yard from it. . . .

He must have guessed that nobody so close to the explosion could be alive. Yet his mind refused to accept the fact. In desperation he pushed forward again, faster than ever.

When he turned into the cabin door, he didn't see his father. A bulb still burned over the washstand, revealing pieces of floating furniture.

But then, with a shock of horror, Kurt saw the old man.

Professor Freel lay wedged under the lower berth. He lay under water, legs moving limply with the wash. . . .

That was when the second torpedo struck the Carthage. At her stern. The detonation was quite dull, like a distant growl of thunder, and the ship didn't leap. She merely rocked, trembling, as if she lacked the strength to do more. And she began to list rapidly to port. There was no mistaking the finality in the speed of that list. Soon she would roll over like a dead fish, belly to the sky.

Her lights went out.

The blackness hit Kurt's eyes like a blow. When it happened, he had already seized his father's legs. He had to bend far, all but submerging himself to find a good hold. Yet pulling the bony figure out from under the berth was not difficult. Nor was it hard to gather the body in his arms. The difficult thing was to find his way back to the stairs.

He didn't permit himself to think. His mind was telling him, *He's dead, he's dead*, but he drove the thought away. He had to get out of here.

By sliding along the wall he found the door. Once he stepped out into the passageway, the surge of water—now above his hips—bore him toward the stairs. Then it flung him against the companionway so hard that he stumbled and fell and cracked his head on a step.

He must have cried out in pain. He must have yelled again when he felt he was losing his grip on his father. For the long yellow beams of two flashlights stabbed the darkness in the companionway. They came from C-deck, where officers and crew were making a last frenzied search for passengers.

Twisting back his head, Kurt blinked up against the dazzling light. His face was contorted. Then he slumped back to the stairs, head dangling loosely.

KURT had been half conscious for several minutes, eyes closed, his body swaying in a kind of torpor; before he heard the girl's voice close to his ear.

"You're shivering," she said. "Let me button this around you."

He lifted his head, but he didn't immediately look at her. First he discovered that he was sitting in the prow of a lifeboat, and the craft was riding the swells with some twenty people. Men and women and even a few children, most of them swathed in blankets. And the children were quiet, too frightened even to whimper. A strained young officer gripped the tiller. He peered across the moonlit sea toward the spot, half a mile away, where the Carthage had gone down.

"I can't button it, the way you're sitting," said the girl. "Could you get up a little, just for a second?"

Then Kurt looked at her. She had yellow hair streaming in the wind. The collar of her gray tweed coat was high about her throat. She was pale.

Obediently he rose, supporting himself on his hands. He felt terribly dizzy and there was a pounding ache in his head. The girl gathered the



ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

Kurt saw the old man, wedged under the lower berth. He lay under water.

brown overcoat about him and buttoned it.

"There, that's better. I expect it's pretty cold out here when you're drenched."

Kurt began, "Thanks—"

"I shouldn't try to talk yet," the girl urged. She had a pleasant English accent.

He said slowly, "My father. . . . Do—do you happen to know—did they bring him up?"

The girl sat silent, turning her head away.

He knew, of course, what her silence meant. He had known it from the moment he had seen his father wedged under two feet of water. So he hunched forward, his hands clasped, his gaze fixed bleakly on the bottom of the boat. After a while he shut his eyes. A low sound broke from him.

The girl said gently, "There wasn't any use carrying him up, don't you see? There was so little time toward the end. . . . They had to look after the living."

Kurt nodded. Presently he raised his head and looked over the water. In the moonlight he could see half a dozen scattered lifeboats. All were filled. They seemed so small, bobbing on that vast reach of blackness.

Then the officer in the stern spoke. He had a taut young face; his voice, too, was taut. He addressed everybody, and the men at the oars rested to listen.

"It's pretty certain we'll be picked up," he said. "There's no need for us to be panicky. Before we went down, the wireless operator established contact with several ships. They're all rushing this way. We ought to be on board one by dawn."

Our job is to keep rowing, to keep our prow into the seas. You men will row in shifts."

The girl beside Kurt leaned toward him. "When you feel a little stronger," she advised, "I think you ought to take one of the oars. It will warm you."

Again he looked at her. She was young, but there was in her voice a quality so grave and calm and reassuring that it gave him a sense of wonder. Her eyes met his frankly. For a long time he studied her face. Then he leaned forward and touched the shoulder of the fat little man ahead of him.

"I'll take that oar awhile."

The man looked around in relief. "Jolly well glad to give it to you. 'Ere!"

Kurt rowed for an hour. It stimulated the flow of his blood, and he felt the better for it. He was tired but undeniably stronger when the officer finally called: "We'll shift now. Just two at a time, please."

Kurt went back and dropped stiffly into his place beside the tall blonde girl. Like every one else, she was searching the sea for some distant shadow that might be a ship. He made no attempt to talk to her. He didn't want to talk. He lowered his head into his hands and shut his eyes; and a sense of grief and helplessness surged into him.

HE almost laughed, in despair, when he recalled the joy with which he had secured permission for his father to leave Germany. What had it all come to? Where were his dreams for Anton Freel's new life in America?

When things like this happened, you began to wonder. You couldn't help wondering. About strange things. Even about God. You thought of Anton Freel, somewhere at the bottom of the North Sea—Professor Anton Freel, who had devoted his life to science, who had lived with honor and Christian humility, only to be blown to death, in the end, by a Nazi torpedo. And you wondered why. You saw these women in a lifeboat, hugging their children in their laps, trying to fight back sobs. And again you wondered. For what crimes were they being punished? And found no answers. . . .

Except this — and Kurt Freel's whole body hardened with the thought.

You couldn't blame God. That was too easy. Like shrugging off responsibility. The truth was that all these men and women, including the thousands of Professor Freels, had *seen* the embers of war glowing in their world. And when those embers had been fanned into flame before their eyes, they had done nothing to stop it. Too many had wanted glory at any price. They were paying for it!

In the stern of the boat a child began to cry. Faint querulous wails, half afraid of being heard. It was a startling sound rising out of a long stillness, and everybody looked toward it.

A man said uneasily, "Guess she's cold."

Another put in quickly, "Here, ma'am." He rose, pulling off his coat. "You wrap her in this." And when the child's mother started to protest, he scoffed. "Aw, I'm all right. Used to cold weather. Won't mind a bit. Here—bundle her up proper."

Well, Kurt thought harshly, there you were. Another aspect of it. People were essentially like this, pretty decent and kind. In small things, anyhow. It was only in mobs, in national legions, that they rose to assert the terrible cruelty and barbarism of which they were capable. You wondered why a world had ever been entrusted to such creatures.

THERE was only one thing to do. Kurt beat a fist on his knee, and knew, as he had known for weeks, that nothing was as important to him as to help wipe out the thing that had swept death and terror into the world.

Enlist with the British? Yes. He would do it in an instant if they'd accept him.

But—would the British or any one else take him, with his left eye blind?

At dawn, when the seas lay gray under somber skies, they spied the freighter, but still miles away. The girl beside Kurt half rose, her tired face eager. One man rose a bit wildly and wielded his blanket over his head like a flag.

"Save that till she's nearer," advised the officer in the stern. But his words were mechanical.

When the Blaarendt, flying the flag of Sweden, picked them up an hour later, she had already taken aboard three boatloads of Carthage passengers. Her saloon was crowded and noisy with men and women and children, most of them still wrapped in blankets. They were being served very hot bouillon and coffee.

Almost automatically Kurt went to sit beside the girl in the gray tweed coat. When their rations had been served, they ate in silence. But at last he said quite gravely:

"I've been wanting to thank you. For everything you did last night."

She lowered her coffeecup. "There's really nothing to thank me for."

"You kept me from freezing with this coat."

"I'm glad. It—it was lying there in the bottom."

That made him glance down at the coat in some wonder.

"I ought to return it," he said slowly. "Do you know whose it is?"

The girl didn't at once answer. She sipped coffee, her gaze fixed on a porthole.

"I'm afraid you can't return it," she said finally. "Its owner went—overboard."

Jolted, Kurt straightened.

"He—saw a woman in the water," she went on softly. "Just after we pulled away from the Carthage. He dived for her—and never came back. We couldn't find either him or the woman."

Kurt drew a deep breath. Again he

looked at the coat, and all the bitterness flowed back into his eyes. After an awkward hush the girl said, "You're American, aren't you?"

He nodded.

"I rather wondered because—"

"I know," he finished for her, when she hesitated. "You heard my father and me speak German."

"He was pointed out in the dining saloon as an eminent German scientist."

Kurt said, "The explanation is simple enough." In a way, it was good to talk of things like this; normal, rational things. It steadied you. "Twenty-six years ago my family lived in America for a while. My father was an exchange professor at Harvard. I was born in Boston." He put aside his empty cup. "Of course I was taken back to Germany. But when I was fifteen the family returned to New York. My father lectured at Columbia University for a few years. When he left America, I remained. I was in college by that time, and I stayed on to finish. I—I've been there ever since."

"You're fortunate," she sighed. "To be able to go home now to—peace."

"You're English, of course," he said, evading a reply.

"Yes. I'll be going up to Scotland, I expect." A faint humorless smile touched her lips. "For war work."

THE ponderous white-mustached captain of the Blaarendt entered the saloon to make an announcement. Would the gentlemen be good enough to go forward to the crew's quarters in the forecabin? There they could undress and have their wet clothes dried out; for it would be at least ten hours before the Blaarendt touched the British coast.

So Kurt, with many of the other men, left. In the forecabin, where he drew off the brown overcoat, he had his first glimpse of the papers and the booklets in its inside pocket.

He frowned in hesitant curiosity as he took them out. There was a British passport identifying its owner as David Cresson. And there was a printed official notice from the Admiralty ordering Aircraftman David Cresson, second class, to report for immediate duty in the Royal Navy's air arm, in conformity with His Majesty's proclamation. . . .

Standing in a corner of the forecabin, with his back to the other men, Kurt Freel gaped at the documents. He gaped because they filled his mind with a strange, almost terrifying idea. It took several seconds for that idea to crystallize. Then he was tempted to cast it aside as too bizarre, too impossible.

What is the "terrifying idea" that has taken possession of Kurt Freel? Will he dare use these documents of a dead man? Desperate, he faces a momentous decision in next week's Liberty, in which this up-to-the-minute story moves from one surprise to another.



HOLLYWOOD

Magician

THE STORY OF FRANK CAPRA
BY
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

**Rebel in film-land!
What is the secret
behind his success?**

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

FRANK CAPRA didn't win the Academy Award this year—and that's news.

Five years in succession, his pictures—he averages only one a year—have been chosen as among the season's five best productions, from which the winning one is selected by vote of his Hollywood colleagues.

Three of those five years, with *It*

Happened One Night, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, and *You Can't Take It with You*, he won the first award and an Oscar, as the Academy prize statuettes are called, for himself as the industry's best director.

Many people in 1938 thought *Lost Horizon* should have won the award. More people this year thought *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* the best picture of the year. But the overwhelming magnitude of *Gone with*

the Wind—and, to be fair, its overwhelming magnificence—swept everything before it in this year's voting.

So Mr. Smith Goes to Washington had to be content with the prize for the best original story, and Frank, who had felt he had to resign as president of the Academy, he was that embarrassed at winning all its awards, can now rest in peace.

Unlike D. W. Griffith and Cecil B. De Mille—the only two directors be-

fore Capra whose names have amounted to a nickel at the box office—Capra did not win his fame by spending millions of dollars on splendid spectacles. His field has been the flawless production of the most fragile kind of human comedies, and his three prize-winning pictures, with Mr. Smith thrown in for good measure, were made for far less money than *Gone with the Wind*.

The only time his producers loosened the purse strings was for *Lost Horizon*. The picture made good at the box office, but didn't satisfy Capra fans. They didn't want Capra super-productions because they couldn't see the Capra for the super.

Now, what is Capra's secret? And what kind of fellow is he anyway? The answers to these two questions are inextricably entwined.

Physically he is unimpressive—that is as to size. His skin is olive and full of wavy, crumply wrinkles, sort of gay, on the forehead and around the eyes, as if he laughed a great deal, which he does. The eyes under his bushy eyebrows are restless, inquiring, glowing.

Sartorially he is the usual Hollywood mess: sweaters, polo shirts, old trousers, loud-checked coats, caps. Speaks in a gentle soft voice. Never bellows or struts.

He is a prodigious worker, writing and preparing when he isn't shooting. Right now he is getting ready to make a new film, something about *The Life and Death of John Doe*. The Brothers Warner will distribute it instead of Columbia, whose contract with Capra has expired.

The fact that this extraordinary little man was born in Palermo, Sicily, forty-three years ago, is a circumstance over which he had no control. But he has controlled most of the circumstances in his life since that time, including, I have no doubt, his family's migration, when he was three, to Los Angeles, California, which he no doubt knew would become in time the capital of the cinema world.

HE grew to young manhood in the City of Angels, sold newspapers, and helped get himself through high school, and later wangled a scholarship at California Tech, where he distinguished himself as a student and at the same time supported himself and contributed to the support of his family by waiting on table, running the school laundry and playing the banjo in cabarets.

The first few months after his graduation in 1918, the war sucked him in. Nothing very exciting—teaching mathematics to soldiers—but it seems to have unsettled him no end. As one observer said, "It took Frank six years to get demobilized."

The history of those six years contained bizarre stories of wanderings through the Joad country, pruning fruit trees at twenty cents a tree, tutoring when he could get it, crawling through pipes for the Western Pipe and Steel Company to inspect

rivets, and finally selling everything imaginable, from the works of Elbert Hubbard to dollar coupons good for a faceful at the local photographer's.

His selling experience, principally in small towns and on farms, taught Capra a good deal about human nature. He was at it during much of the time between 1919 and 1924, when he became, overnight, a movie director.

Frank's first movie salary was seventy-five dollars a week, and his first job was in San Francisco directing one-reel subjects based on famous poems for an old Shakespearean actor named Montague. The first film, turned out in three weeks, portrayed the doings at Kipling's Fultah Fisher's boarding-house. It cost \$1,700 and sold to a distributing company for \$3,500. But Montague couldn't stand the prosperity. For succeeding pictures he insisted on writing the poems himself. The Montague self-starters all failed miserably, and Capra, having learned a lot, hit the trail for Hollywood.

FIRST job was writing gags for Hal Roach's *Our Gang* comedies. Then he landed with Mack Sennett. There he wrote gags for Harry Langdon, a popular comedian. When Langdon went out on his own, he took Capra with him as his director. Capra made some good features with Langdon, but Langdon, like Montague, could not stand prosperity. If he was as good as people said he was, he didn't need a director. So he fired his Capra and directed himself—into oblivion.

Capra went to New York to do a shoestring production called *For the Love o' Mike*, and it was his first and, in seventeen years, his only flop. Curiously, Claudette Colbert, then a stage actress, but who was later to rise to the celluloid heights in Capra's *It Happened One Night*, was in it.

Back to Sennett went Capra, at the old salary of seventy-five a week. Then came Harry Cohn of Poverty Row, who was getting his now famed Columbia Pictures under way, chiefly on the broad shoulders of a strong-backed actor named Jack Holt. Cohn needed a new director, and picked Capra because he could afford to pay the salary Frank asked.

Capra told Holt and Ralph Graves, his co-star, to take off their musical-comedy sailors' uniforms and get some with bags at the knees; to take off their make-up and be themselves. And he got what he wanted in the picture—genuineness.

That last word is the keynote of Capra's success. He is not only a realist himself but he insists on his actors and actresses being realists too. He never rehearses a scene formally. Instead, he talks it over with his people until they understand thoroughly not only what they are to do but why they are doing it. He knows just what he wants, but he readily accepts suggestions from the cast as to the most natural way in which they, as individuals, can give it to him.

Somehow Capra breathes into the

people he's working with, the very celluloid itself, his own glowing tenderness, his faith in human nature, his unfailing sense of humor. The result is that richness of flavor which has come to be known as "the Capra touch."

After *Submarine*, Capra made *Flight and Dirigible* with the same stars, Holt and Graves. Then he went on under his own power into a long list of notable productions which have made his reputation—such pictures as *Ladies of Leisure*, which gave Barbara Stanwyck her first real chance; *Platinum Blonde*, which gave us a new Jean Harlow; *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, which made Hollywood Walter Connolly-conscious; *Lady for a Day*, which gave us back the May Robson we had lost; *Broadway Bill*, with William Powell and Myrna Loy, and, of course, *It Happened One Night* and all its prize-winning successors.

Capra's insistence on taking full charge of his own productions, from scenario writing to the final cutting of the film, has encouraged others, like Ernst Lubitsch, Lewis Milestone, Frank Lloyd, and John Stahl, to free themselves from the interference of so-called producers and their satellites and venture out on their own.

Directors are the men who really make the pictures, not the paunchy gents who sit in the front offices and not their relatives in the next-to-the-front offices, who swagger around the lots ruining good pictures in their capacities of supervisors and associate producers.

THAT'S what Capra stands for in Hollywood: rebellion against the survival of ignorance, of phoniness, of impudence, of nepotism, in the making of the nation's films—that and good pictures of his own making.

Frank would much rather stay quietly at home with his wife and children, spraying his fruit trees, than to fight. But once roused—as Harry Cohn knows and Joe Schenck knows and a lot of other Hollywood biggies know—he is the bantam-weight champion of the Pacific Coast.

The picture-making part of Frank Capra should not be allowed to be obscured, however, by his importance in the internal revolution which is going on in Hollywood. Some other leader might have risen from the celluloid ranks to make artistic Hollywood articulate in dealing with its arrogantly but not very intelligently commercial masters. But no one has risen so far who can make a Frank Capra picture.

Let us hope that Frank sticks to the big little pictures he does so much better than any one else. Let us hope that no film potentate drunk with money comes along to command:

"Capra, make me a twenty-million-dollar super-colossal."

It might happen. As Bill Fields says: "It's hard to tell out here where the d. t.s leave off and Hollywood begins!"

THE END



**A mere man dares to ponder a feminine problem,
with help from that eminent expert, Lilly Daché**

BY JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN E. BISCHOFF

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHAT do women wear hats? Not for warmth, nor as a shield against rain, nor even to keep their hair from blowing. These sensible purposes are better served by hoods or shawls or nets. The function of women's hats lies beyond the merely useful. The fantastic little "creations" held by a band over one ear or one eye are signals prompted by

Mother Nature in a moment of crisis. Seriously interpreted, they mean that the race is killing itself off and needs to be replenished.

Whenever the world goes mad and men slay or starve each other in quantity, the female signals to the male and the birth rate is increased. In human females this signal is a queer hat. Fantastic styles always attend the beginning of sanguinary conflicts. These initial signals are

usually followed by a vogue for voluminous head coverings, Mother Nature having accomplished her purposes, and the women being also much too busy with their war work to spare time for their coiffures. This cycle, being invariable, enables us to prophesy. At present you can see many an otherwise sane woman wearing somewhere on her head a hat three or four inches wide. Unless the world comes out of its agonies and dangers, we may expect shortly some device for hiding the entire female head.

If a reader protests that she never gives men a thought, least of all when she buys a hat, I hasten to agree—that is, partly. Her protest is doubtless sincere, yet I believe she is moved by an instinct which she does not recognize. She puts up signals to attract attention, and tries to find a signal quite different from those the other women will put up. If she succeeds, they will imitate her invention and she must contrive another signal. Don't be surprised that women want many hats, or that fashions constantly change. Even if a woman's features are severe and she chooses a hat to match, she is still, consciously or unconsciously, setting herself apart. The main thing is not to be lost in the crowd, or overlooked.

I shouldn't be so confident that these ideas are approximately correct if I hadn't discussed them with Miss Lilly Daché, one of those rare women who have both the opportunity and the temperament to study their sex objectively. To be strictly truthful, the questions I put to her were only the germs of what I have just said, and perhaps she would reject some part of my conclusions. But I will give you her very words as nearly as I can remember them, and you can see for yourself. She is important in this discussion because she designs a large proportion of the fashionable hats which attract our attention, and well though she knows hats, I think she knows women even better.

I led off by asking Miss Daché how she would define the purpose of women's hats.

"I know what *isn't* their purpose," I added. "They aren't intended to cover the head."

"They never were," said she; "at least, only at special times. Cloche hats, for example, came into fashion after the World War, when women had become accustomed to various kinds of charitable and social work, and wanted something to hide their hair when they were too busy to fix it. But ordinarily a woman's hat isn't a form of clothing—it's more an ornamental decoration. A woman wears a hat in order to be more beautiful."

"I don't agree," said I.

She showed astonishment, then laughed. "Well, they want to be different."

"That's it," I said. "To be just as beautiful as other beautiful women would be bad luck. The strong characters would try to be homely."

"Not homely," she corrected—"interesting. They would want to be



interesting, at least on the outside of the head."

We were talking in the Daché Building, in New York, in the large fitting room. I could see that the various clients at the mirrors around the circular wall were maintaining a steady debate with the fitters while those patient attendants constructed what I have called signals, bringing out each woman's personality and making her different or more interesting.

"If women prefer to be individual," said I, "how does a fashion get started?"

"It's very difficult," said Miss Daché, "because women have two contradictory sides. Every woman is both timid and venturesome—timid toward other women, venturesome toward men. She conforms to fashion so that other women won't criticize her, yet she knows that if she is altogether like them she will get nowhere with the men. She has a difficult choice, poor thing!"

"In a shop like yours," I said, "the attempt is made to deal with individual needs. But where are fashions dictated? Who dictates them?"

Miss Daché was quite firm. "Nobody can dictate a fashion. That is only a popular superstition. Women will try anything if they see that a given style makes another woman more interesting than they are. But if the experiment doesn't produce good results, they abandon it."

I looked around the room again. "Shouldn't there be some relation between the dress and the hat?"

Miss Daché laughed. "There should be, and we spend hours trying to persuade women; but they are stubborn. Even if they get themselves a complete costume in perfect harmony, they will combine parts of it with other costumes. The hat is more important to them than the gown. Clothing comes first, more or less utilitarian; then the hairdresser brings out some of the personality; then the milliner improves on the hairdresser.

Haven't you noticed that for ordinary day purposes a woman will wear one gown, with three or four changes of hats to express different moods?"

"Do you mean," I asked, "that women express their personality from the neck up?"

"Well, don't they? We can modify our faces more readily than the rest of us, and our head-dress more readily than our face; and best of all, we can change our hat."

The perpetual changes in style are not, in Miss Daché's opinion, entirely due to nature's insistence on signaling, or to a need of new signals. Miss Daché says that the large hats, for example, which could be worn in the slow-moving horse-drawn carriage, were necessarily abandoned when the automobile came in. The entrance of women into business life caused, she



thinks, a demand for a compact type of hat, one that could be easily put on and taken off; since cubic space in an office, and time during business hours, are highly valued.

If I don't enlarge on these reflections, it is because I am not sure they are as significant as at first they seem. Women's hats do go on and off more easily nowadays than they used to, but were the hats designed to go on and off easily? Or do they go on and off easily because most women now wear their hair short? If hats have become more compact, even diminutive, is it really because office space is limited? Or is it because the shrinking hat can be made more obviously a mere ornament and therefore more startling?

I am inclined to stick to my sexual signal theory.

I asked Miss Daché the percentage of the cost of a hat which should go to pay for the genius which designed it.

"Oh," she said, "a very large part

indeed. That is understood! Any one knows the materials cost little."

"Fifty per cent of the price?"

"Oh, much more."

"Seventy-five per cent?"

"In most cases still more."

"A successful novelist usually collects a royalty of fifteen per cent on the price of his book. You collect seventy-five per cent on the price of a woman's hat. Here we have one difference between literature and women's hats."

"Oh, you mustn't misunderstand me," she protested. "I don't mean that a hat designer makes a profit of seventy-five per cent!"

"Of course not," said I; "and I don't mean that a novelist makes fifteen per cent. We writers couldn't estimate the cost of the experience which goes into our stories."

Miss Daché looked at me as though I were getting off the track, or as though I were trying to be disagreeable; so I changed the subject, and in a few minutes I said I had detained her from her work long enough, and she didn't challenge that statement.

Yet I believe the comparison of novel writing with hat designing is worth while, if we interpret our findings with the necessary largeness of spirit. We may say, if we are so disposed, that apparent nonessentials like the contemporary hats are more important to women than thought, even than meat and drink. A sympathetic understanding, however, will say no such thing. The contemporary hats are only apparently nonessen-



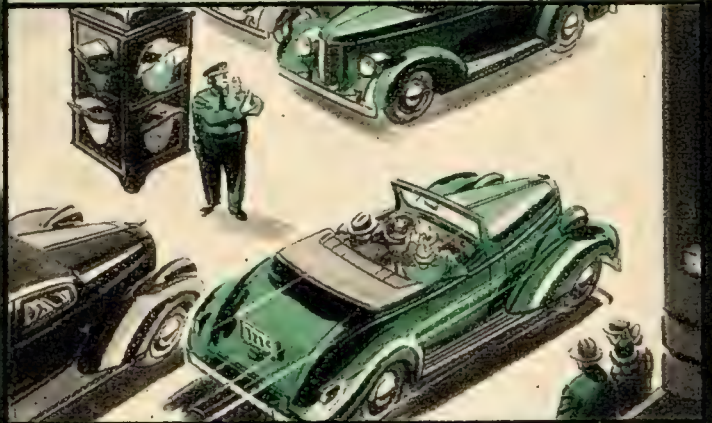
tial. They are dictated in this grave hour by Mother Nature herself, who does nothing trivial or unintended. Whether or not Miss Daché considers herself as one of Mother Nature's high priestesses, that, I believe, is precisely what she is.

THE END



"THEY USED TO
KISS ME
GOODBYE"

"...NOW, WHEN THE TRAFFIC LIGHT TURNS
GREEN, THE CAR IS OFF LIKE A FLASH"



MY CAR HAS INSTANT PICKUP since I changed to a remarkable new kind of spark plug. What a joy it is to drive a car with plenty of zip...that takes hills in its stride...that's out in front, instead of always last away at traffic lights.



HAVING OTHER DRIVERS HONK their horns at me for blocking traffic got under my skin. But when Lucy said it was no fun to ride in a car that dragged its feet, and refused to go out in it again, I decided to do something about it!



A WIDE-AWAKE SERVICE MAN told me about Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. "They'll give that car of yours new pep and pickup," he said, "and save you plenty on gasoline at the same time." The way my car runs now certainly proves he was right.

Thousands of sluggish, spark-weary cars gain new life from the mystery spark

QUICK, sure starting! Flashing pick-up and power! Smooth engine performance at all speeds! Gas economy restored!

No wonder car owners are amazed when they get results like these, just by replacing old spark plugs with sensational new Auto-Lites!

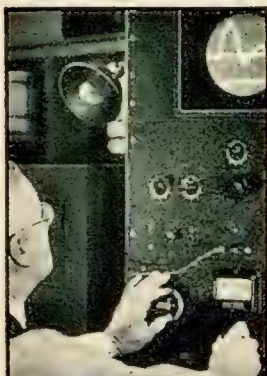
How is it possible? The secret is in the remarkable Mystery Spark produced by this new kind of spark plug. Developed by ignition engineers as a balanced unit of the ignition system, this spark plug fires with less electrical strain, provides better combustion, smoother, livelier power.

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TO THE BABY WHO

Changed

ITS MIND

BY MARTI SECREST

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN ROBARD



I would have taken
you into the woods
and the mountains.

**To read and remember on Mother's Day:
A poignant message from a lonely heart**

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:
Some months ago I went the last distance of a long and difficult journey to meet you. I went alone, and you returned with me. But you went away again.

The doctor said that you were still-born. I know better. I know that you were here, but something frightened you, and you ran back to that shadowy place from which you came.

I do not know what way you took from your land to our meeting place. You may have come through war-torn countries. You may have seen babies little older than yourself blown to bits; lands laid waste; nations desolated. If you crossed a great ocean, you may have passed strange flowers of flame, blossoming briefly on the water before they sank. Those burning ships would, I know, have frightened you.

Perhaps you paused in a corner of America to watch a group of boys and girls. The old wisdom in their young eyes would be strange to you, the bitter cynical words on their lips an alien tongue. Did that make you feel, as they sometimes feel, that there is no place here for you?

There are so many things you may

have seen on your journey here. If only I could have been with you, to show you the things I had hoped to show you!

I would have taken you to a little farm in New England where your grandparents live. You might have found their house small and uncomfortable, their land stony and resisting. But it is the house that your grandfather's grandfather built with his own hands. It is a good house, sturdy and stable in an unstable world. It has remained stanch and unchanging, while madmen have come and gone, while world boundaries have moved, and restless, impatient young things have aged and stilled, to watch their own young grow restless and impatient. You would have watched the old people in that house go on their serene and trusting way. Theirs is a silent life, for the most part. They work with their hands to provide their daily needs. It is their way, an old way and a good one. I think you would have felt its power and its peace.

I would have taken you deep into the woods and the mountains, year after year. You would have seen how the slow, steady growth never

changes, and, when it seems to vanish utterly, is only resting before it starts anew.

Something frightened you, and you did not stay. I will not try to tell you what heartbreak your father and I knew when you left. But more than our own personal grief is the sense of all there was waiting for you to do. The world needs you now more than ever before. It needs babies, their innocence and their laughter, the beauty of their small perfect bodies. It needs them, beyond that, to grow into men and women who can find the faith and honor that we have somehow lost. It needs your clear eyes, your hands that can be capable and strong. Here in this country, where small old houses still stand, where grain ripens each year to be harvested peacefully, rather than by cannon, you are particularly needed. You are one of the host that shall lead us back to sanity. It is a lost world that frightens a little baby as this one has you. But it shall not always be this way. It must not be.

Sometime soon I shall go on that long journey to meet you again. Please God, this time you will stay.

YOUR MOTHER.

Here's one price that's **DOWN-only** \$11¹¹ for the Sturdiest "G-3" All-Weather ever built!

(6.00-16 size with your old tire)



WITH a large part of our globe at war many things cost more today. But not the world-famous Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather. Not only does it cost you less—but you get the toughest, longest-wearing "G-3" ever stripped from a mold. How is this possible? Foresight! Leadership! Last year the world's largest rubber company looked ahead and moved to protect America's tire users. Goodyear equipped its factories with the newest and most efficient rubber-working machin-

ery—consolidated branches and warehouses—streamlined all overhead cost except materials and workmanship. In this way we're able to step up quality—to give you the greatest tire value on the market today for so little money. See this first-line "G-3" All-Weather at your Goodyear dealer's—one look will prove a fact known to millions: GOODYEAR TIRES ARE AS GOOD AS YOU THINK AND COST FAR LESS THAN YOU IMAGINE!



SEE HOW LITTLE THESE
GOODYEAR
"G-3" ALL-WEATHERS COST

6.00-16	- -	\$11.11
5.25-17	- -	10.22
5.50-17	- -	
6.25-16	- -	13.50
6.50-16	- -	

**CASH PRICES—
WITH YOUR OLD TIRE**

(Other sizes proportionately
low in price)
Prices subject to change without notice

ONLY THE TIME-PROVED ALL-WEATHER TREAD GIVES THIS ROAD-GRIPPING NON-SKID TRACTION

Other tread designs have come and gone in bewildering number, but the Goodyear All-Weather tread has remained basically unchanged for more than a quarter-century. Literally billions of miles of highway travel have proved the all-around superiority of its road-gripping center traction design under all highway and weather conditions.

PLUS THESE OTHER BANNER FEATURES
LONG NON-SKID MILEAGE—flat thick tread—wide riding ribs—more rubber on the road.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING—deep non-skid blocks in center of tread for firm grip.

NO SLIP ON CURVES—heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding.

TOUGHER TREAD—new engineering gives "G-3" increased resistance to cuts.

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION—new stronger low stretch Supertwist cord in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE—prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.



The All-Weather gives you grip in the center of the tread—where you need it to stop quickest in emergencies.



The sharp edges of the All-Weather's diamond blocks "box" the compass to resist skidding in any direction.

All-Weather, Supertwist—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME

IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Slippers FOR

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

YOU feel as bad as you make out?" Mrs. Spanner spoke low, so the others wouldn't hear.

"I feel bad enough." Rilla laid a clean dish towel over the last loaf and tucked it into the washtub along with the rest of the things they had baked. The food gave off a pleasant smell of fresh bread and warm roast meat.

"Folks'll think strange of you not going to Tessie's wedding. They'll talk."

"They've talked already, and I don't know as it makes much difference what folks think."

"It'd make a difference to me, being your mother, if I knew you wasn't too sick to be left while the rest of us go off to have a good time."

A smile flickered across Rilla's face and her voice softened. "You go on and have a good time, ma. I'm not so sick but I aim to split a pile of wood by the time you get back. We'll need it, with all we've burnt fixing for the wedding."

Tessie ran in, with her skirts lifted to keep them off the floor, her clumsy homemade shoes showing oddly below the flounces of light sprigged muslin. She'd be a right pretty sight when she got to the hall and could put on her wedding slippers without fear of soiling them. "You certain you're not able to go?" She stood for a moment, searching her sister's face.

"If I felt any worse," Rilla said in a hoarse whisper, "I'd go along so's we could have your wedding and my funeral at the same time. Seems a pity not to make what use we can of the preacher while he's here, and not likely to come again for another year."

It wasn't much of a way to turn it off, but she had to do something to make Tessie laugh or they'd both be crying.

She took one handle of the tub and Tessie lifted the other, and they went out through the front room and carried it to the wagon. Rilla was so concerned with getting the tub fixed where the boys wouldn't get their feet in a huckleberry pie she'd balanced on top that she didn't see it was Larch Davis, and not pa, that had crossed the room from the fireplace and followed her out.

When she turned around, there Larch stood all dressed up for the

Romance against odds!

The story of a lover's successful stratagem

wedding the same as the rest—and she in her old brown calico that had been washed so often and patched in so many places you couldn't tell what it had looked like when it was new! She had a piece of red flannel tied around her throat, and her hair had slipped its comb.

Larch had his boots shined, and a pair of store pants topped by a new Hudson's Bay shirt, though where he had got the new pants she couldn't guess, unless he'd beat Lem Hunneker to the last boat from Frisco. It was first come first served when the boats got to Steilacoom, and never enough of anything to go around.

She knew Larch had met the boat, because he'd stopped by on his way back from Steilacoom to bring Tessie's slippers. She recalled the very words spoken that day. "Well"—Larch had handed the package to Tessie and watched her open it—"I reckon you can get married, now you've got white kid slippers."

"And a preacher coming." Ma spoke up quick. "You can't blame a girl for wanting to get married like civilized folks. I don't hold with this marryin' any sort of way, with a

"I'm not afraid," she told herself. She began stripping off moccasins and stockings.



THE BRIDE

BY MABEL GOODWIN CLELAND

justice giving the lines and no preacher to so much as say a blessing."

Larch had looked surprised. "I don't know. . . . I've lived in this Puget Sound country longer than you folks, and I've seen a lot of women that got married by a justice and lived

content after it. I don't believe I'd marry a girl that would put off her wedding till she could get white slippers to stand up in."

Rilla thought likely he wouldn't. He was as stubborn a man as the Lord ever made. There he stood now, waiting for her to speak, his eyes asking and his mouth firm.

"Howdy, Larch." Her throat had a lump in it so big it nearly choked her.

"Morning, Rilla. Your pa says you're not going to the wedding. You real sick?"

It was harder to put on for Larch than it was for ma. "Not sick enough to mention," she said. "I just figure that, with my throat the way it is, I'm better off at home."

Larch ran his hand over his chin and looked up at the sky. "You never

off her nose to spite her face, likely, in not going today. Larch would dance with Hetty Thomson, swinging the corners till Hetty's feet were off the floor.

Pa called, "Better come on, Larch, unless you want Tessie to be late to her own wedding."

Rilla wished pa wasn't in such a hurry. Seemed as though there was some other thing Larch wanted to add to what he'd said. Maybe he'd have said why he'd come that way when he could have reached the hall quicker by walking the trail from his own place.

"Well"—Larch touched her shoulder—"take care of yourself."

"All have a good time!" Rilla choked out the call. "Good-by!"

"Good-by, good-by! Take care of yourself!" All the voices calling back over the rattle and creak of the wagon. Then wagon and voices were lost in the distance, and Rilla was alone in the clearing.

I might as well face it, she thought, unwinding the flannel from her throat. I can't marry Larch, and I can't give him up. And I didn't have the grit to stand by and see little Tessie getting married and nothing settled between Larch and me. Folks say he's been going to see Thomsons' Hetty. . . . I can't give in, not even if he marries another.

It might be that Larch regretted having made the vow, but he was so stubborn he'd stick to it, if it ruined both their lives. She sighed deeply. Such a deal of trouble to come of a girl's laugh!

It didn't seem laughable now, after all it had cost her, but it had then. There she'd been, with the clothes in the pounding barrel, and he'd walked up straight as if he'd been sent, and asked her to marry him.

Larch was twenty-three then and she just turned sixteen. He ought to have had better sense than to ask a girl to marry him while she was washing clothes. "But I'd have said yes," she told herself honestly. "I'd have said it quick as breathing if he hadn't stepped onto that slick spot on the ground and gone headfirst into the barrel."

"Well, will you?" he'd shouted at her when he got his balance. "Will you?"—not giving her time to get her face straight.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD ELDRIDGE



seen the old warehouse look as good as it does now. We've got it prettied up with cedar boughs and huckleberry branches, and tables built. Looks better than it did the time we held the dance there two years ago. Pity for you to miss going now you've worked so hard with cooking and all. Pity for you to miss Tessie's wedding."

Larch's words called up the remembrance of the dance. She could hear the fiddle and old man McGinstry's foot tapping out the time. Cutting

4 OUT OF 5 BEWARE OF GINGIVITIS



EVEN YOUNG FOLKS MAY BE VICTIMS!

Gingivitis is attacking *thousands* thru-out the nation. Watch out if *your* gums bleed and are tender, sore or irritated. These may be signs of Gingivitis, an inflammation where gums join the teeth which, IF NEGLECTED, often forewarns of ravaging Pyorrhea. *Only your dentist* can help Pyorrhea and it's wise to see him every 3 months for tooth and gum inspection. THEN—

At home you can help guard against Gingivitis the following easy way:

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Recent Clinical Investigation showed over 95% of Gingivitis patients wonderfully improved in just 30 days—simply by brushing their teeth and massaging their gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the ORIGINAL toothpaste for massaging gums.

And Forhan's—the effective formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for cleaning teeth and massaging gums—not only cleans dingy teeth to their "natural" brilliance but ALSO helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Start using Forhan's Toothpaste to-day—note the difference! 39¢ and 19¢ at drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.



FREE
50¢ GUM MASSAGER
Send empty carton from 39¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-7, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

And Rilla had laughed. Laughed till she couldn't say yes, while Larch wiped his face dry and turned on his heel and said, cold and furious, "You'll live to be sorry for this. Now, if you marry me, you'll do the asking. I'll never ask you again." And he never had.

Soon she would be nineteen. Older than Tessie, and Tessie marrying first! Rilla had many offers, but she stayed single. Larch, too, remained unmarried.

"Well" — Rilla walked slowly around the house to find the ax—"he's left it so there's nothing I can do. No man would have respect for a woman that would ask him to marry her. I'll cut that wood, then maybe I'll be able to settle down to something."

She dreaded the house with its emptiness, but there was much that needed doing, and when she had enough wood to last until the boys got back, she picked up an armful and went in. The cabin, with its door and one small window, was dim after the brightness of the morning outside. She dropped the wood into the box and looked about her. There on the floor was Sammy's little worn shirt just where he'd got out of it; and ma's apron across the back of a chair; Tessie's old blue calico on a peg by the door—

Rilla stopped and narrowed her eyes. "I reckon I'm dreaming, or else I've gone and took leave of my senses!" She reached up and touched something on the mantel. "I'm not dreaming," she whispered into the silence. "It's the paper with Tessie's slippers wrapped in it! However could she have forgot? She'll go clear there and not know they're left behind till it's time to put them on."

HER thoughts raced on. It was five miles farther by the wagon road than by the trail, but could she get there before the preacher, with the time already wasted and her clothes to be changed? If only the preacher would be late! . . . He was on his way to a funeral thirty miles beyond, and could stop only long enough for the marrying.

While she drew on stockings and the moccasins Indian Betsy had given her, it put shame to her that she should feel pride in having the neatest foot in the settlement at such a time. They'd spent an hour getting Tessie dressed, but Rilla was fresh, top to toe, in ten minutes, and was off with the package under her arm.

Now, if the February wind hadn't blown any trees across the trail and it was as clear as it was when she'd walked it in November with Larch, she might make it. Her only fear was the gorge, where she must cross the stream on a footlog which was no more than a small tree with its roots turned up fan-shaped on one bank and its branches half in and half out of the water on the other. Well, she could get down and coon across if she got lightheaded with its swaying.

Only a mile and a quarter to the gorge on this side, then three quarters

more on the other, and she would be at the hall. She ought to make it. The path through the timber was clear, and she came without mishap right up the dip of the slope into the gorge itself before she saw what had happened. The storm, which she had feared would block the trail, had so swollen the stream that wind and water together had lifted the branches of the little fir tree upon which she planned to cross, and swung it out and away from the bank, and left it headed downstream, as useless to her as the jutting rocks against which it rested.

Broken pieces of timber scattered raggedly along the steep banks showed how high the water had been. Now, Rilla thought, it must be back to its normal depth, though how deep that might be she could only guess. Too deep and swift for safe wading unless a person was sure-footed and not afraid.

"I'm not afraid," she told herself. She gritted her teeth and began stripping off moccasins and stockings.

SHE had one off and was starting on the other when she jerked down her skirts and stood up, her heart pounding. She wasn't afraid of Indians, as she had been when they first came to the wilderness, but she'd no wish to meet one alone here in the woods, and as sure as she breathed she heard some one coming toward her along the cross trail.

She stood right where she was, scarcely daring to breathe, while the footsteps came nearer. Then Larch came crashing out of the underbrush, and they stood staring at each other, surprised past speech. Larch found his voice first.

"Rilla," he said, holding onto her shoulders as if he were afraid she'd vanish out of his sight, "I never thought to find you here." She saw his eyes rest on her moccasin and stocking, laid beside the white parcel on the ground. "You found the slippers," he said, and looked at her again, still holding her by the shoulders. "I'm proud you brought them yourself, Rilla."

Rilla pulled herself away. For a minute she'd thought that he had come back for her—that he was coming back over their trail because he was determined to finish whatever he'd started to say to her earlier in the morning. "Yes," she said evenly. "Tessie left them on the mantelpiece. How far had you got when she missed them?"

Larch opened his mouth to speak, and shut it again. He put his hands in his pockets and studied the lump of moss he'd kicked loose with his boot. "I left the family there at the ford," he said, slow and careful, choosing his words. "So you got dressed and run all this way to bring Tessie's slippers!"

"I don't know what else I'd have come for. And now that you've come back on the same errand, you can finish what I've started, and we'll both have the satisfaction of doing Tessie

a kindness on her wedding day. I'm real glad I'm saved from crossing. The log's washed out."

"So it is." Larch took a look at the creek. "But you put on your shoe and I'll carry you across—you and the slippers too. I reckon there's nothing would pleasure Tessie as much as to have you at her wedding."

Rilla shook her head. "I said I wasn't going, and I meant it."

"Your throat still hurt you?"

"I feel well enough now. But I said I didn't aim to go—and I don't. Will you take that package and go on?"

"I'll carry it if you'll go with it. Put on your shoe, Rilla, and don't waste time."

There was a look in his eyes she couldn't fathom. It was a good time for him to set things right between them, but he said no more and his mouth shut like a steel trap. I've no pride, she thought as he lifted her. No pride at all!

Rilla's heart beat hard and her throat ached with the feel of his arms around her as he struggled to keep his footing in the swift water. Sometimes I'm afraid my heart will betray me, Rilla thought. It's a long weary wait we've had.

He set her down safe and dry on the other side, and they made the rest of the way in silence.

As they neared the hall, the sounds of the fiddle reached them, and the shuffle of dancing feet. "I feel real cheap." Rilla stopped short. "I've a big notion not to go in."

"I wouldn't back out now you've got this far." Larch took firm hold of her elbow and guided her along. "I reckon they're dancing first and will wed after."

RILLA felt queer. Hot one minute and cold the next. She wished she knew what Larch meant to do. If he took her in there and then went off and danced with Hetty Thomson, she would wish she was dead.

She wasn't too late for the wedding, anyway, and she saw the preacher coming up through the woods with his Bible under his arm.

"Go on in." Larch dropped her arm and started on a run. "I'm going to meet the parson."

Mighty anxious he was to meet the preacher! Maybe he didn't want to face the questions that would be asked if they went in together. Looked like he'd be used to it by now. They'd plagued him for three years about not getting married.

Rilla set her teeth and walked on. What I come for was to bring Tessie her slippers, and thank the Lord I've got here in the nick of time. I'll go in there and dance, if Larch never so much as looks my way.

It took some time to locate Tessie, the crowd was so big. She pushed her way into the wide door that was blocked by men without partners and a crowd of Indians waiting for the first chance at food, and when she did see Tessie she had to lean against the doorjamb for support.

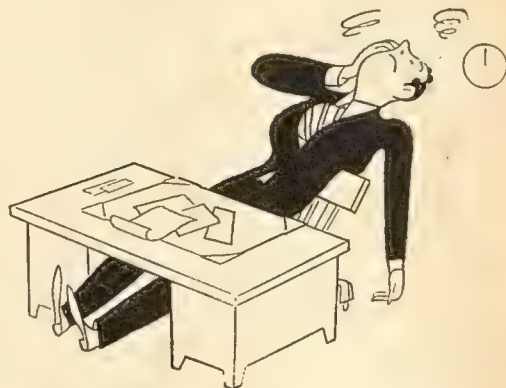
The little man who wasn't ^{more than half} there

[WAS THIS YOU?]



1. Today, don't expect too much of our Mr. Moon—He got up feeling headachy, logy. He did what you or I would have done—he took a laxative—but he took a *slow-acting* one.

2. At Noon, he's still only half-there. Looks like Mr. Moon may be only half-there most of the day.



But...



1. Witness Mr. Zepp. He, too, woke up feeling headachy, logy. He, too, took a laxative, but a *quick-acting* one.

2. Mr. Zepp took Sal Hepatica. It acts efficiently yet gently as a laxative—usually in 1 to 2 hours. Soon, too, it helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that usually accompanies constipation. Soon, Mr. Zepp is his good old self again!



The moral is plain for any modern. If you want to have fewer "half-there" hours—for business or social reasons—take a laxative that moderns approve—take Sal Hepatica for a faster come-back.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today.

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesday at 9 to 10 P. M., E.D.S.T.

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Mrs.: But George! No magazine would buy that!



Mrs.: It hasn't any "oomph"—any pep appeal. And neither have *you!* I know what's the matter. You haven't been eating right. You're not getting all your *vitamins*. And we're turning over a new leaf this very minute!



Mrs.: Here's lesson No. 1. Right in that crunchy cereal you're tasting—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of *two* of the most important vitamins, B₁ and D.

Mr.: Say! Why don't people *tell* me about these things? PEP is delicious!



Mr.: And now that I'm on the road to vitamins—watch me become the "pep appeal" boy! I'll put girls on magazine covers the like of which have never been seen!

Mrs.: Well—where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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Tessie had spied her and came running in a swirl of flounces that set Rilla's head reeling and made her sit down suddenly on the step, for fear she would fall. *Tessie's feet twinkled out from her skirts in white kid slippers.* What, Rilla asked herself blankly, have I got here in this package that I never stopped to unwrap? What a fool I've been! What a silly fool! Tears blinded her and she dropped her head in her hands, unmindful of the curious eyes upon her.

And so the preacher found them—the preacher and Larch Davis, who had let her think she was bringing Tessie her wedding slippers.

"I found this wrapped in white paper on the mantelpiece," she said, getting to her feet, her anger at Larch steadying her. "I've seen no other thing than Tessie's slippers wrapped in a white paper since we crossed the plains. If it belongs to you, Larch, I'd be pleased if you'd take it. I don't know what's in it."

"You might open it and see," Larch said in a way to make her see he was in earnest.

"It's not mine to open."

"It might be."

"I'll open it." Tessie caught the parcel out of Rilla's hands and untied the string. "Like mine!" she breathed. "Slippers like mine . . . only littler. Rilla . . ."

DID Larch think she could be bought? "Better try them on," he said. "They look like they'd be real nice for the dance. . . . Unless likely they might be too small."

Too small! If he thought there was another foot in the settlement that would go into a shoe like that!

"Give them here," Rilla said firmly, color rising in her cheeks. "I'll dance in them. And I'm obliged to the one that saw fit to leave them at our house, whoever that might be." She stepped into the slippers and stamped them on.

The preacher said he must get along with the ceremony, and they all went in together—Tessie and John Harris, who had come running at word of the preacher's arrival, Rilla with Larch Davis holding her elbow, and the preacher telling them where to stand.

Rilla was so confused, with all that had taken place and all she'd felt, that she was up before the minister along beside the others before she knew what had happened. And when she heard the preacher telling how it would be a double ceremony, with both brides answering the questions and both grooms the same, she was like one in a dream.

But she wasn't in such a dream that she neglected to say "I do" when it came to the right place to say it. And if folks thought it strange that her kiss and Larch's was wet with both their tears, they didn't care, being so utter grateful that Larch had thought of a way out by having the preacher ask the question.

THE END

Tales OUT OF SCHOOL

Washington behind the scenes!
Here are startling disclosures

BY A SENATOR'S DAUGHTER



"Wally Prune (who slipped the photographer ten bucks to get in the picture) is chatting with Miss Dumme."

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A synopsis of the opening installment of this series of articles will be found on the next page.

PART TWO—PITFALLS, PERILS, AND POLITICS

SOMEBODY is always trying to put joy into the life of a senator's daughter—but not for her benefit.

There was one young man who managed a pick-up band of musicians that pretended (or hoped) to be a "society orchestra." Never mind his name. As far as we members of the Daughters of the Senate are concerned, it is Mud. He was, and is, a good-looking, nice-mannered young

chap, but cold-bloodedly on the make.

He made himself acquainted, with proper regard for etiquette and the correct auspices, with Jane ———, daughter of a senator from the South. He danced with her at two or three mob affairs, and prevailed upon her to introduce him to a few other girls. That's all any of us saw of him until—

One evening he called up Marjorie Nye, daughter of Senator Nye of North Dakota. It was a bit of presumption that was a tip-off in itself. Marjorie, then president of DOTS, answered the call curtly, icily.

"This is Willie Smartypants—you know, Jane's friend?"

"Yes?" This in a voice that made icicles sprout on the telephone wires.

"Well, I was talking with Jane—grand girl, Jane. Admires you no

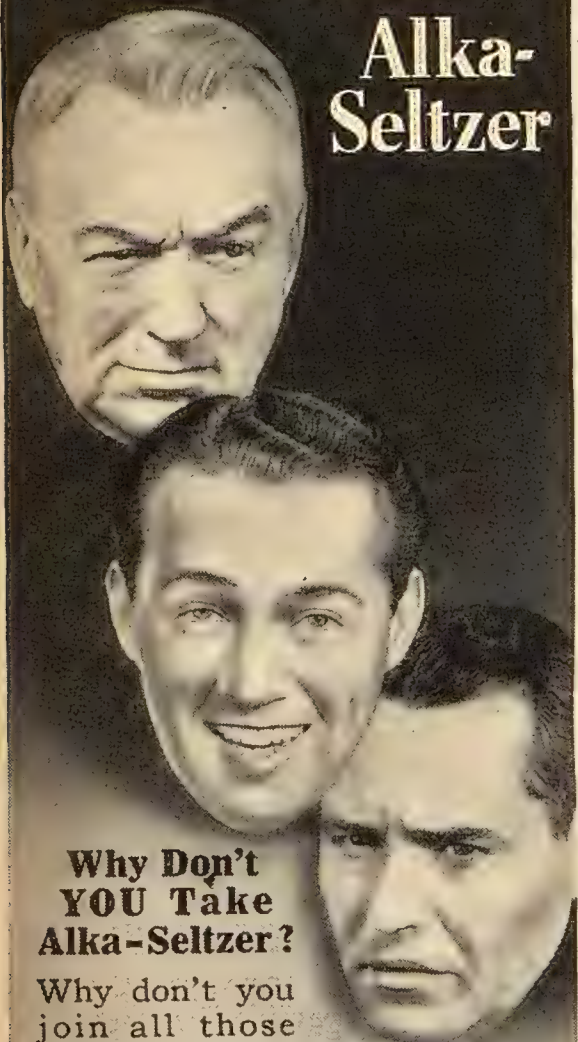
end. You girls are always looking for some public-spirited thing to do, something with real meaning."

"Yes?" His ear should have congealed and dropped to the floor, but he went on. He had an idea, it seemed. DOTS should sponsor a fashion show as a benefit for some worthy cause. Willie Smartypants had it all arranged. A Washington store would provide the costumes and his orchestra would provide the music.

"Yes?"

Willie gulped and stumbled on. The store? Well, as a matter of fact, it was So-and-So's, mentioning a publicity-hungry cut-rate outlet for second-rate merchandise. And was his orchestra going to donate its services free for the "worthy cause"? Well, not exactly. And before the DOTS

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS



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CAT'S PAW

**RUBBER HEELS
AND SOLES**

AT ALL FINE SHOE REPAIRERS

president terminated the conversation—and, incidentally, the young man's social connections with that organization—she was pretty well convinced that the "worthy cause" was—Willie's orchestra.

That's mild.

Press agents for this and that are always trying to catch us unaware on a camera film, so our pictures will appear in the society pages showing us behind a bottle of some recognizable popular beverage, or with some ambitious individual standing by. "Miss Dora Dumme, popular daughter of the junior senator from Kentio, snapped at the Clever Club, favorite hot spot of the young political set. Wally Prune [who slipped the photographer ten bucks to get in the picture as part of his publicity campaign for a WPA job] is seen chatting with Miss Dumme."

Yeah? Not if membership in DOTS has taught Dora anything.

OUR first counsel to new members is: Never let your photograph be taken while you are smoking a cigarette, or with cocktail or highball glasses in your vicinity, or in the presence—accidental or otherwise—of somebody not vouched for by parents. A picture in the public prints of a senator's daughter within arm's reach of liquor, or smoking, will be used by papa's political enemies.

Another rule is: Don't get pinched for speeding! Especially must you be a model driver in your home state. Boy, do I observe the STOP and the CAUTION signs when I am driving the family car! One ticket, and the opposition newspapers will proclaim: "Senator's Daughter on Joy Ride—Arrested by Motorcycle Cop after Chase." Let that happen, and papa will be looking for a nice lobbying connection in Washington and wishing there was such a thing as retroactive birth control.

Another rule: Don't accept blind dates, and never go on a house party unless you travel in a crowd; and, in any event, go only to house parties given by persons of known standing who have issued written invitations. There have been instances where pretty wild parties have been given at country homes of which the absent owners were in complete ignorance. Girls have been squired to "house parties" at which no other guests have appeared except the fellow conspirators of the escort, with the net result of insidious blackmail in which politics, not cash, is the pay-off.

Papa never travels anywhere without mama or myself, or both of us, since the night he returned to his hotel room after making a speech somewhere, opened the bathroom door, and was confronted by a blonde Eve who might have been looking for a fig tree, or should have been. Luckily for him, papa still had his overcoat and his hat on. He slammed the bathroom door—between him and the occupant—and was downstairs calling for a showdown from the room clerk before the echo of the slam died away.

Of course, when the house detective went back to the room with papa, there was no sign of the woman.

That happened when papa was comparatively new in the Senate, and fighting some unscrupulous interests who would have committed any crime short of murder to stop his mouth. Now he makes no solo flights.

Any time you rap at the door of a late-working senator's office, the occupant is certain to step forth with his hat and coat on, ready to explain he has to leave in a hurry. For entrapment is a fine art in Washington. The senator caught while burning midnight oil, by a distraught young woman from the home state who is desperately trying to save her innocent brother from life in federal

THIS SENATOR'S DAUGHTER

has obvious reasons for withholding her name from the "tales" she's telling. Her father is, as she said in Liberty last week, a well known member of the Senate who has been in Washington so long that the city, though it isn't her birthplace, is her real home. It was there that she went through school and made her debut, and she can justly claim to know Washington society from the ground up.

She hates that society's "caste system" with its snobberies and backbiting. All the eligible young men being on the government pay roll, she isn't too discouraging to one of them who is devoted to her; but she knows that as his wife she would simply go on doing the wearisome things she's had to do as papa's daughter since she was eighteen.

She is frank about papa. In her eyes he's a better-than-average senator, but she tells how "stuffed-shirtitis" gets the best of them. She freed her mind last week on the Senate as an exclusive club, on "senatorial courtesy," and on a senator's special privileges.

She is a member of the Daughters of the Senate Club—DOTS for short—made up of those daughters who are bored with the capital's social ladder. A family duty that they particularly loathe is helping their papas socially with political fence-mending.

Because of the gossip, the slanders, the innuendoes that fill the Washington atmosphere they live in, this young woman vows no daughter of hers will ever get a whiff of it. She has given one example of the real perils against which a senator's daughter must be on guard: a flashlight-photo variation on the underworld badger game.

prison, may find himself rewarded for any graciousness he shows by a scream that fetches shocked witnesses to the scene of what looks like a thwarted assault.

We learn the facts of life quickly in Washington. Not that the city is any worse, in that respect, than most state capitals during a bitter political fight, mind you. In the main, Washington is an overgrown village mostly populated by stodgy matter-of-fact people. But when two or three senators can decide whether or not a law affecting the fortunes of some powerful clique shall be adopted, things are bound to happen.

I don't like some phases of Washington life, but I wouldn't spread scandal about the city for that reason. Not all is malice or meanness there. We can forgive a lot of faults because

the offenders are naïve, or charming, or transparent in their motives, and without guile.

We DOTS members, for instance, will always give one dance apiece to venerable Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, the most inveterate of finale hoppers, whose style of dancing is a cross between wrestling and the cake-walk, whether the orchestra is playing a waltz or a rumba. The old gentleman gets such obvious delight from each two-minute embrace set to music that it is a hard-hearted DOTS girl indeed who won't suffer one dance (but no encores) an evening.

We help our mothers without complaint in fishing Senator Vandenberg's cigar butts from behind radiators, where the handsome Michigander always flips them during informal visit or fancy party. It is a part of our club service to see that an ash tray is always within the senator's reach. Usually such ashes as do not go down the front of his vest are aimed at the receptacle; but the butts go under the radiators. We forgive him; he may be President some day.

We can join in the laughs of our elders, too, at the latest gossip about President Roosevelt's efforts to get Secretary of War Woodring out of the Cabinet. Woodring and the Assistant Secretary, Louis Johnson, are mortal enemies. They do not speak to each other, just like a couple of little girls with "a mad on"; which is not so good for the morale or efficiency of the War Department, especially in these perilous times. We've heard that Mr. Woodring was offered the next good ambassadorship that became vacant; but he refused because he — and Mrs. Woodring — would rather lose a leg than to see Mr. Johnson made Secretary of War.

WE sympathize with Mrs. Edison in her laughing despair over the Secretary of the Navy's penchant for practical jokes. Mr. Edison has a favorite story, the climax of which is a madman's ear-piercing yell, which, it seems, he is forever telling the wrong people—fluttery old dowagers with weak hearts or F. F. V.s with inbred kinsmen in asylums.

We can laugh at the vigorous campaign of one wealthy woman to get her husband a more elegant job. Rewarded with an ambassadorship for him, she worked to get an assignment to a more elite capital, and thankfully accepted his transfer to a smaller, but more desirable location when the war's nightly blackouts made life anywhere in Europe too dull. Back they came to Washington, where they tried to get into the Cabinet via a vacant Secretaryship for which another pair were also scheming. That sort of side show is always diverting, because we of the Senate group have nothing to lose and considerable amusement to gain from it.

The DOTS girls had no small fun a few years ago when Rush Holt was elected to the United States Senate before he was of legal age to take his



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seat. Rush was twenty-nine, not bad-looking in a dark, dyspeptic sort of way, and very, very ambitious. In the anomalous position of being of the Senate but not in it pending his thirtieth birthday, he started out to ingratiate himself with influential senators via their daughters, which his bachelorhood made easy. Among those he rushed—the pun is deliberate—were Marjorie Nye, daughter of the North Dakota senator, Kay and Ruth Overton of the Louisiana Overtons, Elizabeth Adams of Colorado, and myself. Rush was a liberal spender. Flowers, candy, theater tickets—we shared them in proportion to the importance of our fathers. But the day Rush Holt was sworn in to the Senate he dropped “us girls,” as most of us expected.

Of course every well established lobby in the Capitol, from the Power Trust to the C. I. O., has a few dashing young men on the pay roll whose unofficial duties include pitching woo at senators' daughters; but we have those boys labeled, card-indexed, and filed on the inactive list. High-pressure politicians who are smart enough to extract tens of thousands of dollars from business men willing to back their schemes are dumb enough to believe that a senator's vote will be influenced by an evening's entertainment for his daughter.

It doesn't make sense, does it? If I came home after theater and supper with some press agent and asked my father to vote for a bill to remove the federal tax on doofunnies because I had a good time, he would lay me across his knee and paddle me with a slipper, big as I am—and I would deserve it.

I have heard a number of the younger matrons lament that the Roosevelt administration has produced no scandals remotely resembling the carryings-on that they say provided such deliciously shocking tittle-tattle during the Harding administration. I was not aware that such a place as Washington existed when Harding was President, but the “girls” who have now reached the age when they wonder whether it is better to show a streak of gray in the coiffure or to let Emil touch it up a bit say that in those days gossip was really something you could roll over your tongue twice.

BUT if the New Deal has not provided Washington with good lusty dirt, it has brought queerer persons into prominence than any other administration my older friends remember.

One of the funniest stories that went the rounds concerned the utter disruption of the United States Housing Authority one day. Administrator of that huge slum-clearance agency is diminutive Nathan Straus. He is supposed to have led some conferees into his office one morning, only to lose his dignity because somebody had screwed his swivel chair down so low that when he sat down his face barely cleared the top of his desk.

Everybody who had access to the office, from Straus' secretary, Minerva Wiley, to the janitor's assistant, was hauled out on the carpet, and no slums were cleared *that* day.

Which is matched only by the indignation of Miss Frances Perkins when she discovered that the private “bathroom” provided for the Secretary of Labor was obviously equipped for masculine convenience.

MY own memory does not extend farther back than the present administration, but I cannot conceive of a more fantastic aggregation of pronounced—if not rugged—individualists than the President's official family. The perpetually petulant Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes, whose daily rages have earned him the sobriquet of the Little Man Who Isn't (All) There. Attorney General—now Associate Justice—Frank Murphy, daily reader of the Bible his mother gave him. Big, tough, baby-faced Postmaster General Farley, called “Genial Jim” despite the fact that he scorns and dislikes a fifth of Roosevelt's Cabinet and not a few of Presidential pals of lesser rank.

I have seen the aged wife of a senator five years in the Capitol shouldered out of a line in front of an elevator by the younger and much huskier spouse of a two-term, because her husband's “seniority” gave her preference. They were both of the same political faction, at that. Just one big happy family, we of Washington officialdom, aren't we?

Washington is the only place in the United States, I imagine, where a woman will sneak into her hostess' dining room and shift the place cards because she thinks she wasn't placed as near the head of the table as her husband's political rank entitled her to sit.

Washington is the place where children are exposed to so much of that snobbery that when a youngster enters school the others gather around at recess to demand: “What does your father do? Is he Army, Navy, or Government?” And the uncomprehending child is ranked in the playground games according to the answer: the major's son is the recognized superior of the lieutenant's, the congressman's daughter tops the lieutenant commander's. And if the youngster is neither “Army, Navy, nor Government,” he might as well be a Jewish child in Berlin.

What are DOTS and dowagers saying among themselves about those irrepressible young Roosevelts? Who are the queen bees among DOTS' mamas—and what happened the first time Mrs. Roosevelt lit a cigarette in a prim, solemn Ladies-of-the-Senate club meeting? How many senators apparently owe their positions in life to their wives? What makes Washington so enticing to personable young bachelors? Read the senator's daughter's Tales Out of School next week!

Jealousy whips up a storm—and a gay novel of filmland nears its climax

O O M P H

Girl

BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART FOUR—SUZI MAKES TROUBLE

A synopsis of preceding chapters appears on the next page

IT was the next morning. Glad, waking in Mamie Flynn's guest bedroom, slanted one sleepy eye at the clock and saw that it was almost twelve. She had slept for an unbelievable number of hours, and—wonder of wonders in Hollywood—she'd been allowed to sleep. She sat up in bed so suddenly that fifteen or twenty baby pillows—some of them edged with marabou—went scattering in all directions. "Oh, Mamie!" she called.

Instantly — almost instantly — Mamie Flynn was lumbering in, her arms loaded with newspapers. "Philip Gale, he phoned," she said without preamble. "He told me you'd had a hard night and that you was to be allowed to sleep." She sniggered. "He sent gardenias and hothouse grapes. . . . Terry O'Toole phoned too. He said you wasn't to see any of the reporters until he got here, but he said I could show you the papers."



"I must be the girl
"Mamie," Gladys said,
I used to be by the
time Bill gets here."

ILLUSTRATED
BY PHIL LYFORD

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MAZDA W LAMPS**

Gardenias and hothouse grapes and—reporters. "Why should they want to see me?" asked Glad. "The reporters, I mean."

"On account of the stories Terry sent out," Mamie told her. She dropped her armful of newspapers on Glad's feet. "I caught one fresh guy trying to get a shot of your legs through the bedroom window, Gladys," she said. "I threw a bucket of water on him—taught him a lesson, it did!" She guffawed loudly.

Glad was staring at the papers. There were so many of them that she felt a little puzzled. "Terry said yesterday, at lunch, that he was going to get out some releases for this morning," she murmured, "but so much happened afterwards, that I didn't give it another thought. I should have written to Bill and prepared him—

she recognized the legs that were staring up at her from the front page—legs that stretched from one margin to another, legs that were headlined and underlined.

"G. P. L. Chief Discovers Oomph Girl," read the headlines. "The Legs Have It," was printed beneath the picture.

Feverishly Glad tossed the paper aside and reached for another. The legs were only given a half-column space this time, but there were two other photographs of her—the one in the play suit and the one in the bathing suit.

The third paper had a drawing as well as a photograph—a drawing which showed a girl in a ballroom, with her skirt being ripped away and a dozen men crowding close.

"Oh—oh!" exclaimed Glad, and

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Gladys Holton, secretary to the publicity director for the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories Company, wins a contest for the typical American secretary and is sent to Hollywood to appear in a picture with Philip Gale, America's heartthrob, she isn't thrilled at all. She much prefers to stay home with Bill Blair, the Blue Ribbon Company salesman to whom she is engaged. Besides, she has no illusions about her looks, and is sure Hollywood will be disappointed in her.

Terrence O'Toole, publicity man for G. P. L. Pictures, is disappointed—until, by accident, he and Philip Gale discover

Gladys' legs. Then things begin to hum. They turn her over secretly to Mamie Flynn, an expert in making ducklings into swans, and Mamie creates a new and glowing personality for them. Almost before she knows it, the producer of G. P. L. Pictures has Gladys' name on a contract. She is to appear not as a secretary but as a beautiful dancer, with the famous Philip Gale!

Gladys regrets having signed the contract. All she wants is to get back as quickly as possible to her Bill. She isn't even thrilled when Gale takes her out in his car and says, kissing her, "I'll make you forget about Bill Blair."

and Mr. Smithers, too. Mr. Smithers will be furious when he hears that I've signed a contract; I bet his files are in a mess already. . . . Mamie, I must send Bill a telegram as soon as I'm up and dressed."

"Gosh, I almost forgot," said Mamie. "There's a telegram for you—waiting on the hall stand. I'll bring it in right away." She went galumphing from the room, muttering in transit.

A telegram for her—probably from Bill, asking when she'd be back home. *Dear Bill!* Glad hoped that Terrence O'Toole's news stories wouldn't be too much of a shock to Bill's nerves. Without undue haste, she reached for the topmost of the papers and drew it toward her over the rustling bedspread. Had Terry said point-blank that an unknown female, one Gladys Holton, was to be cast as the dancer in the newest Gale super-special? That would be a joke on the people in the plant—particularly the platinum-blond girl in the auditor's office and the president's secretary. She wondered what those same girls would think if one of her new photographs were published with the announcement. That pose in the Spanish shawl, for instance, or—

She glanced down at the newspaper and gasped. Despite retouching, despite their almost more than life size,

reached for the fourth paper, and read above the inevitable legs, "Oomph Girl Kicks Through."

Mamie Flynn was re-entering the room. She held a slim yellow envelope in one pudgy hand, and her face was as warm and beaming as the noon-day sun that was bathing all of Hollywood with radiance.

"Well, dearie," asked Mamie, "how do you like the stories? If you ask me, Terry done you proud!"

Glad said, and she could scarcely articulate, "I could kill Terrence O'Toole." Her voice failed her—it was almost ten seconds before she could speak again. "Mamie," she moaned, "have they printed these horrible pictures in the papers back home, do you suppose? Isn't it possible that—"

"Sure—they were syndicated," Mamie said. "I bet your boy friend Bill got an eyeful with his soft-boiled eggs at breakfast. . . . Here's your telegram, dearie. Better open it up."

Blindly almost, Glad reached across the flurry of papers to take the yellow envelope from Mamie's hands. Her fingers were shaking so uncontrollably that she found it almost impossible to tear open the envelope. The words that stared up at her from the single sheet were—to say the least—ominous.

"Am coming West by next plane,"

read the message, and, though he had four words to spare, Bill had omitted the vital word "love."

Mamie Flynn said, "F'even's sake, Glad, what's biting you?"

Gladys Holton didn't answer. She merely handed over the telegram from Bill Blair.

"Well," she said, after she had digested the terse message, "so he's on his way out. I should think you'd be happy, Glad—stead of so long-faced."

"But what will he think when he sees me this way?" faltered Gladys.

Mamie chuckled, "He'll think he's bought something!"

Gladys asked, "How long will it take to get my hair back to natural color? How about my freckles and my eyelashes? Of course I can wash the lashes off, but—"

"You cannot," Mamie told her. "And it'll take a month at least for the hair to change one iota. . . . As for the freckles—" She broke off. "This here Bill will have to take you as you are—or leave you."

Take me—or leave me! With a little exclamation Glad was swinging her already famous legs from the bed and was standing upright, slim and lovely in her lace-and-satin nightie.

"Mamie," she said, "I *must* be the girl I used to be by the time Bill gets here! I can't let him find me changed. It might make all the difference in the world if he found me changed. Bill didn't ask an oomph girl to marry him. He asked *me* to marry him."

FROM somewhere in the middle distance a telephone was ringing. Mamie muttered prayerfully beneath her breath and said aloud, "I've got to answer that plagued thing!" She lumbered from the room, and Glad, left alone, reached for her stockings and drew them on. She wriggled from her nightie and was zipping her slip up the side when Mamie came back.

"It was that wild Indian, Terrence O'Toole," Mamie told her. "Seems like he's hired a flat for you, Glad. He says you've got to have a place where you can talk to the press. 'What's the matter with *my* place?' I asked him, but he only laughed."

Glad muttered, "I don't want to talk to the press and I don't want an apartment."

But Mamie sighed. "Terry'll be here in fifteen minutes," she told Glad, "and he said I was to have your bags ready. I guess you and me have come to the parting of the ways, dearie—at least for the time being."

She was talking to emptiness, for Gladys had darted into the bathroom and was scrubbing her face with a rough washcloth. Scrub as she would, no errant freckle put in a reappearance, and the lashes, through some miracle, stayed intact. She brushed her teeth violently and ran a comb through her hair and darted back into the bedroom, where Mamie was laying out a smart little frock of a queer elusive shade of green, tailored to the nth degree.

"Lucky we got in our shopping



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for Smooth Smoking*



yesterday," said Mamie. "Gladys, your hair looks *fierce*! Curl up them ringlets over your fingers."

Gladys said, "I don't want ringlets." She was zipping on the green dress now. "I'm bad enough as it is."

Mamie told her, "Well, you'll feel better when you've had a cuppa coffee. I always do."

They adjourned to the dining room of the cottage—but in silence. Mamie plugged in an electric percolator. "It only needs warming up," she said briefly, and — after a moment — handed Glad a steaming cup. "This'll put heart into you, dearie," she comforted.

Glad sipped the coffee. It was scalding and thick enough to stand alone. It didn't make her feel better, but at least it gave her a gleam of sanity. "Perhaps," she said, while she was waiting for her second cup, "if I have my own apartment I can fix it up homelike, and I can cook Bill a dinner—one of my *own* dinners. . . . If I have filet mignon for him and a deep-dish apple pie, he may not notice my hair or my lashes."

Mamie made no reply save to sniff, and after a moment Glad went on. "When Terry stops for me," she said, "he can take me to the market first off—and I can lay in some supplies."

. . . Mamie, when do you think Bill's plane will reach Hollywood?"

Mamie told her, "Terry'll know; he knows everything."

He did—almost.

TERRENCE didn't understand at first, when Gladys insisted on stopping at the market. "What's the big idea?" he wanted to know. "You're going to meet the press, and if anybody throws ripe tomatoes it'll be them, not you. And, besides," he added, "you have a dinner date tonight with Philip Gale, so you can save on immediate grub. It's important for you to be seen with him places, not to mention the fact"—he chuckled—"that Mr. Gale kinda fancies the idea himself!"

Glad remembered that on the previous evening she had made a dinner engagement with Philip Gale. Since the receipt of Bill's telegram the engagement had slipped her mind.

"I can't go out with Philip," she told Terry, "not tonight. My beau's coming West and I must cook dinner for him."

"I didn't know you had a beau," growled Terry.

Glad said, "I got engaged the day I won the contest. Bill Blair—that's his name—sells plumbing accessories; he works for Blue Ribbon too. . . . That's why this oomph-girl business is such a false alarm as far as I'm concerned."

Terry turned to stare at her, thereby almost colliding with another car. "Glad," he said finally, "your life has been a series of ghastly mistakes. Here you tell me that you're engaged to a plumbing salesman just when you've got a movie contract and are on the brink of an affair with the star of stars—"

Glad said, "I'm not on the brink of an affair with Philip Gale—if that's who you mean." And Terry snickered. "Well, he *thinks* you are," said Terry. "And he's seldom wrong about such things. . . . If you insist, Glad, I'll drive you to the market. I'll even carry your bundles for you. I'm a domesticated sort of male animal—I like to carry bundles for women." He swung off a boulevard and turned into a side street, and all at once they were in a shopping district, but such a shopping district as Glad had never seen. The fruit and vegetable stores were a blaze of color—even Gauguin would have had fun with them—and the meat markets were incredible bits of still life.

IT was odd how Terry took to shopping. Glad, who always went to pieces when she was marketing, found an able second in him.

"What does it matter," he said, "that we have an appointment with fifteen or twenty columnists? What does it matter that I've got photographers waiting for us out at the flat? Let's turn native, Glad. The avocados look elegant, and if you're going to have potatoes, take these big Idahos. Hang it, I may stay to dinner myself!"

They shopped frantically for some fifteen minutes. Strawberries as big as melons, or so it seemed to Glad. Melons as big as footballs. Potatoes—Terry had already mentioned the potatoes—twice life-size, and apples that would make poetry of any pie. She and Terry compromised on thick mutton chops instead of the filet. Glad didn't know why she bowed to the press agent's judgment—except that he suddenly looked so hungry. At one of the markets they found flowers for sale, also at an incredibly cheap price, and Glad loaded the back of Terry's car with them. There were roses as big as cabbages.

"Everything's outsized here," said Glad.

Terry laughed, "Except your legs, darling, everything is sort of blown up. Incidentally, this is the only part of Hollywood where you could walk today without having a crowd follow you. Folks are r'arin' to go, and Suzi is already writing you a series of poison-pen letters—in French."

Glad said, "Don't be silly!"

They were back in the car again and running away from the food shops that were so much more glamorous than the modiste's had been, and even the milliner's.

"Terry," Glad queried after a moment, "where is this apartment you took for me?"

Terry said, "Wait and see." And then all at once they were turning through an arched gateway and zooming between palms and flower beds and stopping in front of a door.

"But these look like little private houses!" Glad gasped.

And Terry told her, "That's the way the flats are out here. They all have patios and fountains and goldfish. . . . Goldfish will be very be-

coming to you, precious, with your hair."

He produced a key and opened an inner door and Gladys was in the apartment of her dreams. It was Spanish—low-ceilinged and gracious, and just beyond the wide windows were the aforementioned patio and the fountain and the goldfish. Glancing into the patio, Glad saw that a group of photographers were indeed in possession and waiting for her.

"They're like an army of occupation," she told Terry. "Where's the kitchen?"

Terry pointed across his shoulder with a thumb, and Glad found her way into an exquisitely tiled room with a modernistic stove. She dumped her bundles on a table, and Terry went out to the car and eventually returned, bringing more bundles.

"We'll phone the agencies and get you a maid right off," he said; but Glad raised violent objections.

"Not a bit of it," she told him. "The me Bill is engaged to has always done her own work. He'll find me—here in Hollywood—still doing my own work. . . . When do you think his plane will get in?"

"He can't possibly make it until five," said Terry, "and it's only noon now, or thereabouts. How's it for lunch?"

But again Glad shook her head. "I've got all I can do to get ready," she said.

"For the reporters?" asked Terry. But Glad told him. "No, for Bill. 'Bring in my bags, Terry.'"

As obedient as a good spaniel, Terry trotted out again to his car. He came back laden with valises. Glad pounced on one of them, opened it, and drew forth an enveloping kitchen apron.

NOW," she said, "I can warm up." She slipped her head through the halter of the apron and tied it in a crisp bow slightly above her derriere. "Get out of my way," she told Terry. "I'm going to be busy for the next two or three hours."

Terry objected. "Listen here, Glad," he said. "You've been introduced as an oomph girl, not only in Hollywood but by a nation-wide publicity campaign."

"I've had my tummyful of nation-wide publicity," said Glad, and ripped open one of the bags, releasing a shower of berries.

Terry went on. "How can I capitalize on your legs and the fact that you're playing opposite Philip Gale in Builders of America," he asked, "when you're standing at a kitchen table rolling out piecrust?"

Before Glad could reply, a voice sounded from the doorway.

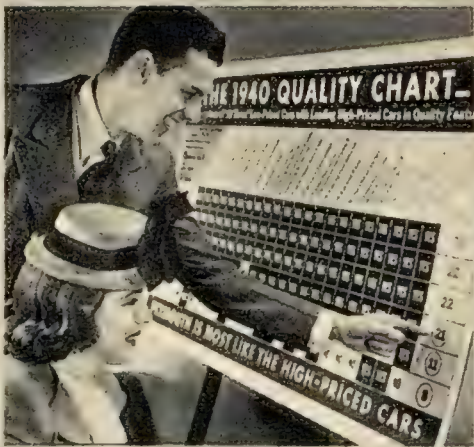
"I stopped at Mamie's," said the voice. "I was going to take you out bumming, Glad. Imagine my surprise when Mamie told me that you and Terry had given her the slip and gone to housekeeping! There was nothing left for me to do but polish off my six-shooter and—"

(Continued on page 36)

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**I GAVE
THE HELMSMAN
A STEER**



"Passengers not allowed in the pilot house," barked the man at the wheel. "Okay," said I meekly, "but before I go, won't you have a stick of my Beeman's Gum? The flavor's grand! Zippy as a breeze off the bay!"

"Humph!" grunted the helmsman, but he sampled my Beeman's—and say! His grouch evaporated like dew in the morning sun. "Lady—that's flavor! Smooth as a fair weather passage. Refreshin' as a dash o' salt spray. Hey—don't go! Rules or no rules, Miss, ye're welcome in my pilot house as long as ye want to stay!"

**BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION**

(Continued from page 34)

It was Philip Gale in person. Glad turned and saw him lounging on the threshold of her kitchen in flannels and a tweed coat. His eyes met hers smilingly, and Glad flushed, for the memory of last night was in the smile.

"Oh, hello," she said.

Gale told her, "Hello, yourself, darling. What are you doing in that apron?"

Terry growled, "Her sappy beau's coming West by plane. He read my releases and he's got the wind up. He'll be here around five, and so Glad's reverting to type. She's going to cook him a grand dinner and yank back her hair and wear wool stockings." His tone was sarcastic. "Incidentally, three reporters and five cameramen are due here any minute. They'll give me the razz when I introduce Glad as Hollywood's latest oomph candidate. She'll have flour on her nose instead of powder, and a wooden spoon in her hand instead of a cigarette, and—"

Gale interrupted: "I've told you before and I'll tell you again, Terry, that you're absolutely minus imagination! Glad's given you a swell story—all laid out with parsley on a silver platter—and you haven't sense enough to appreciate it. When your reporters show up, expecting a gal in a cellophane negligee, show them a gal in a gingham overall. It will be a study in contrasts—an oomph girl who can cook!" He chuckled. "And, boy, will they go for it!"

Terrence said slowly, "I believe you've got something there."

THE reporters did go for it. By the time they arrived for the interview, Glad's deep-dish apple pie was out of the oven and Philip Gale was munching one of the turnovers that she'd made from the left-over pie-crust. Terry himself was running his finger appreciatively around the inside of a yellow bowl as he invited the assorted gentlemen and one lady of the press into the kitchen.

"This is Miss Holton," he said, "otherwise known as Glad, otherwise known as G. P. L.'s oomph girl, otherwise known as Gams, Incorporated. She's giving a party tonight and she's her own cook. That's why this first interview with her will have to be—informal."

Philip Gale interposed delicately, "Glad, have you any more of those turnovers?"

Glad passed the plate, and Philip and the reporters helped themselves. So did Terry.

"Yes," she said in answer to a sudden avalanche of questions, "I've always adored cooking." Despite the newly discovered oomph, she was back in her element. The berries and the melon and the avocado pears were in the icebox getting frosty; the mutton chops were nicely rolled in their strips of bacon, and the potatoes were washed and ready for the oven. As the reporters, a trifle bewildered, wolfed their turnovers, she started to shell peas.

"But," said the lady reporter, "I'm confused, Miss Holton. I thought legs were the reason for all this flurry—not pastry."

"Glad has *everything*," said Philip Gale, who had taken Terry's place as spokesman.

The lady of the press darted a glance at Philip Gale, and the sincerity that she read in his expression was broadcast and syndicated within the hour. One of the gentlemen of the press glanced down at Glad's ankles and a fragment of piecrust slipped into his Sunday throat and he started to choke. Glad was wearing suède slippers, dyed hurriedly to match the green frock. Her skirt stopped just below her knees, but it was slit naughtily on one side and the slit displayed the lace butterfly that was appliquéd on her stocking. "I don't know where to begin," said the choker, "with *my* interview!" But the direction of his glance proved that he was fibbing.

GLAD went on with the shelling of her peas—they rattled like shrapnel as they struck the aluminum colander. The air was suddenly thick with questions, and Glad, still unused to being the center of attention, answered them warily. Her former occupation with the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories contest was ignored entirely. Terry had coached her well.

Philip Gale let it be understood, very deftly—between questions—that he had known Gladys—oh, intimately—at some previous time. . . . No, she'd never been on the stage. No, she'd never been in pictures, either. No, she wasn't a professional dancer. Her home was—Terry interposed quickly—"Hollywood *now*." . . . No, she wasn't married or—

Again Terry interposed hastily with a "This isn't the time nor the place to discuss that." He glanced at Philip Gale, who studied the ceiling with a "No, ma'am, I ain't seen your birdie" expression, and the questions went on. The dinner guests for whom she was preparing this Lucullan repast?

Glad gulped and Philip said easily, "Just an executive from the East, and O'Toole here, and me. It will be an intimate foursome."

Gladys darted a swift look in his direction, but he was again surveying the ceiling.

The photographers, waiting patiently outside and filling the fountain with cigarette butts and burned matches, were summoned. They set up their equipment and began to have fun. Glad was photographed shelling the endless succession of peas; she was photographed cutting the edges of her pie—the fact that the pie was done didn't make any difference. She was photographed opening the oven door, and when she bent over, the back of her knees showed. She was photographed on tiptoe, on a stepladder, peering into a breadbox on a high shelf, and the front of her knees showed.

And then at last the reporters and cameramen had gone their way and Terry had gone with them; and Glad, creeping into the living room of the apartment—once again racked with weariness—fell into a chair. And Philip Gale—standing over her with a queer quizzical expression in his eyes—asked, “Shall I blow too?”

Gladys said, “I wish you would.”

But the star seated himself on the arm of her chair. “I’ve known you, Glad,” he said, “for a space of time which could be measured in heartbeats, and yet I’ve seen you in a dozen roles. Mouse—that was first—then beauty incarnate, and now—” He laughed. “What a little home body you are!” he said, and his tone wasn’t as light as he tried to make it. “You’ll make some man awfully happy—one of these days.”

“I intend to,” said Glad soberly.

Philip Gale went on. “Do you know,” he said, “this turned out—this whole day, I mean—to be a publicity picnic, and I had such glorious plans for us! I was going to take you to a beach and we were going to climb into bathing suits and sit together and watch the waves creep in on the sand and”—his voice was suddenly husky—“I was going to hold your hand and tell you how much I love you.”

“Philip,” said Glad miserably, “don’t!”

Philip Gale went right on as if he hadn’t heard. “I wasn’t going to pull any cave-man stuff at the beach,” he

said; “that was—last night. Maybe I was going to kiss your fingers, just the tips of them, and maybe after you got used to having your fingers kissed, I was going to—”

All at once he was kissing her fingers so gently that Glad felt comforted rather than annoyed.

“Please, don’t—” she said again but with less authority.

Philip Gale murmured, “Making that pie and shelling those peas was a social error—you’ve spoiled your nail polish.” He kissed the nail that had been damaged, and went on talking. “This Bill,” he said, “the one who’s on the way out—Glad, perhaps he is on the way out in dead earnest. . . . In your heart of hearts don’t you know that he’s just a flash in the pan?”

“I know he *isn’t*,” said Glad.

Philip released Glad’s hand and his arm went around her shoulders. His clasp wasn’t overly tight—oddly enough it was on the protective side.

“Darling,” he said, “maybe when you see us together you’ll realize—” He broke off, gulped, and went on. “I’m not handing myself any bouquets, but this guy Bill sounds like a pretty dreary customer to me. He’ll have nothing to talk about during the long winter evenings—except plumbing accessories—” He broke off again, for some one was knocking on the outer door, and Glad, her hand pressed against her heart, was leaping from her chair.

“Oh,” she cried, “that may be Bill

now! He may have caught an earlier plane than we thought for—”

Philip Gale said huskily, “Then for the nonce I’m going to kiss you good-by. Not good-by, Glad—*au revoir*.” Suddenly his arms were around Glad and they were tight, and he *wasn’t* kissing her fingertips. He was kissing her as he had kissed her in the parked car under the dusky arch of trees.

And then the door flew open without waiting for a word of permission—but it wasn’t Bill. It was Suzi.

“So,” she said, “so, Mees ’Olton. I know *now* why you ’ave the part they promised me.”

Philip Gale let go of Glad. She might have been a hot coal instead of a rather chilly young woman in an apron. He said, “Oh, Suzi—”

Suzi advanced into the room. She was wearing a tight little sweater and a tight little skirt. Her stockings were tight, too, but there wasn’t a butterfly appliquéd on either one of them. She stared at Glad and her eyes were smoldering, and when she spoke again her voice was smoldering too.

“Ever since I ’ave come to ’Ollywood,” she told Glad, “I ’ave been promised a part in a Gale picture. This one, eet was sure, and then you—you arrive. Out of nothing, out of nowhere. *You and your legs*.”

“I’m sorry,” said Glad.

“That beezness at the party,” said Suzi, “that tearing off of the cheefon skirt. I am not so dumb like the beeg

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chief. Me, I know my way around. It was all planned by you and Terry O'Toole. You were in the"—she struggled with the word—"cahoots. And Pheelip Gale here, 'e also was in the cahoots."

"Skip it, Suzi!" growled Gale, but the advice fell on deaf ears. Suzi was sizzling now; the smoldering stage was past.

"Get this, Mees Oomph Girl!" she raged. "I weel make your life 'ere in 'Ollywood so-o miserable. You steal my part from me, you steal my man from me—"

Philip interposed, "That's going a little far, Suzi. You and I never even reached first base."

But Suzi was still addressing Glad. "You are a thief," she said. "You are a peeg, you are a *bête noir*, you are—" She stopped short, for a rather bewildered well bred voice was saying:

"I've been told that Miss Holton lives here."

It was the voice Bill Blair always used when addressing a distraught and difficult customer. Glad gasped, "They said you couldn't be here until five o'clock, Bill!"

And Bill countered coldly, "They were obviously—wrong."

THE twosome had become a triangle, and now the triangle had acquired four sides, but it wasn't a square. Not by any means.

Glad said, "Bill," and remembered that until she consulted her press agent she didn't dare add a public "darling." She murmured, "Bill, this is Suzi. . . . Suzi, this is my friend, Mr. Blair."

"How are you?" queried Bill.

Wonder of wonders, Suzi was smiling, and Glad realized, with a shock, that even in Hollywood her fiancé was a very personable young man. "So-o pleased to meet you," cooed Suzi, and thrust forward a dimpled little hand which Bill took into his own.

"And this," said Glad hastily, "is Philip Gale."

"Oh, yes," said Bill. He released Suzi's hand. "Glad's going to play in your picture, isn't she, Mr. Gale?"

Philip Gale replied, "That's the idea at the moment."

The two men shook hands gravely, and Glad, standing in the background, felt lost and alone and neglected. Bill had shaken Suzi's hand, he had shaken Philip's hand, but he hadn't even touched her hand. Indeed he had scarcely glanced at her. This wasn't the way she had planned Bill's entrance into her new life—not a bit of it. Since the receipt of his telegram she had been working the thing out step by step, and she felt that the whole design was foolproof. She would be quite alone in her dainty new apartment when Bill Blair was slated to arrive. She would come running when his knock sounded at the door—she would fling herself into his arms and explain the situation rapidly, between kisses; she would— But why go on thinking in terms of the future? The future had become the past and her plans had gone awry.

"Bill," she managed, saying the first thing that came into her mind, "how did you know where to find me?"

Bill said, "I went to the studio and I met that guy named O'Toole. He told me." All at once his eyes had found her, and Glad knew that, though his expression showed no change, he was taking in every detail of the green slippers and the butterfly stockings.

QUESTIONS



1—A minority leader, he has been able to direct his party in effective opposition to majority strength. His leadership has been so capable that he is frequently consulted by the White House. He was appointed from his state in 1917 to finish an unexpired term, but the voters endorsed the appointment from that time on. Who is he?

2—In what operas are the following songs found: Home,

Sweet Home; I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls, and 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer?

3—Are there more females than males in the United States, or does it just seem that way?

4—The general design of what New York building used by millions of people was inspired by the Baths of Caracalla in Rome?

5—The Last Leaf is the title of a poem by a famous American poet and of a short story by an equally famous author. Who were they?

6—What are the two republics on the island officially known as Hispaniola?

7—Who are the actors playing title roles in two pictures, one of the boyhood and the other of the manhood of an American inventor?

8—What is the width of a standard gauge railroad track? Of a narrow gauge?

9—When it is Friday in San Francisco is it Saturday or Thursday in Australia?

10—In the spring people flock to what cities to see (a) cherry blossoms, (b) the Magnolia Gardens, and (c) the Azalea Trail?

11—In general, do people with incomes of less than \$2,000 spend more on housing or food, and does the same hold true for people with incomes over \$20,000?

12—What heavyweight champion held the title the longest time? The shortest? Who was the oldest to win it?

13—Who, now head of a foreign government, was born in New York City, the son of a Spanish father?

14—Can you name three best sellers of the last two years—not including *Gone with the Wind*—that have "wind" as part of the title?

15—What states are represented by the following statues in the National Hall of Statuary, Washington: General Lew Wallace, Robert R. Livingston, Sam Houston, and John Caldwell Calhoun?

16—Where is the college called "Old Siwash" located and what is its official name?

17—What was the title of King George VI before he ascended the throne?

18—When type is scrambled what is it said to be?

19—In what sport are the terms peanut, club "4," and feather used?

20—Stephen Vincent Benét wrote a best seller about the way a pre-Civil War statesman out-argued the Devil. Who was it?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

"It seems," he said finally, "as if you'd been away for years."

Glad said primly, "It does seem that way."

Bill said, "You've changed; but then—after reading the papers—I expected to find you very different. . . . Have you been enjoying yourself, Gladys, here in Hollywood?"

Suzi cooed, "Mees 'Olton, she 'as become acquainted so fast. The town—eet belongs to 'er. . . . Of course,

'aving an old friend like Pheelip to take her places—"

"But he's not an old friend," said Bill, and Glad agreed weakly, "No, he's not."

"Certainly 'e gave that impression," said Suzi. "And when I came in, joost a minute ago, and found heem kissing 'er—" she laughed. "Ah, well," she said, "in France we 'ave a proverb—eet goes like thees, though I do not translate too good!" She paused dramatically. "'A new friend's arms may be more warm than the arms of an old friend!'—*C'est vrai?*" She laughed again. "No doubt you 'ave come to congratulate Mees 'Olton," she told Bill, "because she has signed a so-o beeg contract with G. P. L. . . . She weel play a dancer's part in Builders of America."

"I read that in the papers too," nodded Bill; and before Glad could get a word in edgewise Suzi went on.

"Mees 'Olton burst upon us all," she told Bill suavely, "at sooch a party! Every one was there—but every one. . . . Mees 'Olton's skirt came off."

"What?" gasped Bill in italics, and Philip Gale hastened to explain.

"It was an accident, old chap," he said. "I was dancing with Gladys and a stupid oaf stepped on her skirt and it ripped. Of course, with Glad's legs, it wasn't entirely a tragedy, but—"

Suzi interrupted, "The stupid oaf was 'er press agent, Mr. Blair, and the skirt came off in front of the man who owns G. P. L. . . . Sooch a curious—'ow you say eet?—coincidence!"

Bill Blair coughed. He had such trouble with his throat that Glad wondered if he'd caught a cold on the trip out. She asked him, but he said rather snappishly, "No," and walked to the window and stared out.

YOU'VE a nice place here," he said finally.

Glad heard herself say, "I like it," and Bill broke out with a sudden rush of words.

"This is all very confusing," he said. "I must confess that I don't know where I stand. . . . Glad, you came here to stay for a few weeks and play—" He broke off with a startled "Ouch!" for Philip Gale had kicked him in the ankle.

"This is a busy town," said Philip Gale very pointedly, "and rumors catch on like wildfire. Gladys came to Hollywood to play around—she had no desire to get in pictures. . . . She's never had anything to do with the stage or pictures or"—his tone grew more pointed—"or contests."

"I don't get you," said Bill.

"Anybody can see," Philip went on, "even Suzi here can see—that Gladys is a home girl at heart. Is it her fault that she has—legs? Is it her fault that the chief discovered those legs—and insisted on signing her up?"

"Oh, Bill," echoed Gladys, and her eyes under their elongated lashes spoke volumes, "is it my fault?"

(Continued on page 40)

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CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corp., DETROIT, MICH.

(Continued from page 38)

Bill said gruffly, "I'm darned if I know how to answer that one." His gaze, starting at the tips of Gladys' green toes, went slowly upward past the ankles, past the appliquéd butterfly, past the slit green skirt, past the apron of which Glad was suddenly ashamed. It took in her new shade of lipstick, her sleek nose, her mass of bronzy red curls—for despite Glad's reluctance about ringlets, the heat of pie cooking had done its work.

"Your hair," he said finally, "your freckles and your eyes and the whole darn get-up. . . . What have they done to you, Glad?"

It was Suzi who replied. "From a lady in a bathrobe and a towel," she said wickedly, "they have made her into an oomph girl."

"You're assuming a lot," said Philip Gale angrily.

And Bill asked, "What's this about a bathrobe and a towel?"

Suzi was laughing merrily.

"That was 'ow Mees 'Olton made her *real* entrance into the sweem," she began. But Gladys broke in wearily.

"I fell into Philip's pool," she said, "and Philip lent me his bathrobe, and it just happened that Suzi—"

"It seems to me," said Bill slowly, "that everything just happens out here." He tried to laugh with Suzi but didn't quite make it, and his face was stark. Gladys had seen him look just so when he'd failed to get the O. K. on a promised order.

"Well," he said, "it's been amusing, Gladys, to catch a glimpse of you among your new friends; but if you'll excuse me, I must be on my way."

Glad asked, "On your way where, Bill?" Her voice cracked rather desperately. "Please don't leave. We're going to have dinner together this evening, you and I—dinner here in my apartment. And then we'll sit in the patio and watch the stars and listen to the water splashing and—" Glad had forgotten that she and Bill weren't the only ones in the room.

Bill said evenly, "But I'll be flying back—in the morning."

Glad tried to wink away her tears. "But we still have tonight, Bill," she managed. "Oh, it's the dinner I couldn't cook that evening I won—don't you remember how I planned to have a celebration and I was too upset because of—"

"Skip it," advised Philip Gale. And—"Yes, skip it," echoed Bill.

Glad rubbed a hand violently across her eyes and a furtive lash stuck to the back of it. She said, "The money I make on this contract will pay for the furnishings of our home, when we have it. This dinner together, Bill, it's more than a dinner. It's *us*." She stopped short, waiting. But when Bill spoke it was as if he hadn't been listening to a thing she said.

"I'm sorry, Gladys," he said, "but I'm afraid I won't have any time to waste on—dinner. And as for a home, don't let's worry about that. You see, the boss asked me to look up a couple

of prospects while I was out here in Hollywood, and I'll be with them all evening." he hesitated. "Maybe if I have a minute I'll ring you up before I leave town," he said. "Good-by, Glad. . . . So long, Gale." He coughed—once more he was having trouble with his throat. "Miss Suzi, may I drop you somewhere? I have a taxi outside."

Suzi said demurely, "But yes, I should loove to ride in a taxi for a change."

"If somebody's going to drop Suzi," said Philip Gale, and he spoke with a curiously controlled venom, "I'll drop her—with pleasure. . . . Come along with Uncle Philip, Suzi."

Suzi stared at the star with unwinking smoky eyes. It was a long moment before she spoke. "*Mais non*," she said finally. "Although eet may be 'ard for you to believe, Pheelip, I prefer Monsieur Blair." She turned to go, but Glad's voice—speaking shrilly—stopped her in mid-flight.

"Suzi," she said, fighting for control, "Philip, Bill—all of you must go together, *please*. . . . Go together and leave me—alone."

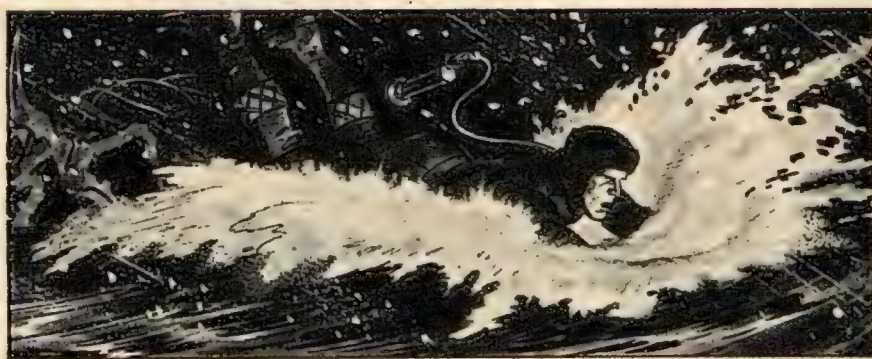
Has the vengeful Suzi succeeded in separating Bill from Gladys only to throw her into Philip Gale's arms? And which man does Gladys really want—the handsome screen idol or Bill Blair? The end of this thrilling human story will surprise you. Read it next week!

TRAPPED IN A BLIZZARD ON A SINKING "ISLAND!"

A true experience of RALPH GOLL, Nettle Lake, Montpelier, Ohio



① "ONE EVENING, in a December blizzard, I rowed over treacherous lake waters to an 'island' of matted willow roots where I had set a mink trap. In examining my catch, I failed to notice that my boat had pulled away from the roots and was rapidly disappearing in the swirling snow.



② "SUDDENLY, TO MY HORROR, I became aware that the precarious little 'island' was sinking under my weight! I had one chance for life—and took it. I dove into the icy water and swam after the boat I could now no longer see.



*An "Eveready" Flashlight with "Eveready" batteries will normally continue to burn under water. The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.

③ "I SWAM UNTIL I thought I could go no further, then I brought my flashlight into play.* At first I could see only tumbling waves and driving snow. Then, off to my left, in the bright beam of the light, I saw my boat—and life itself! Do you wonder that I am never without dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries?

(Signed)

Ralph Goll



NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

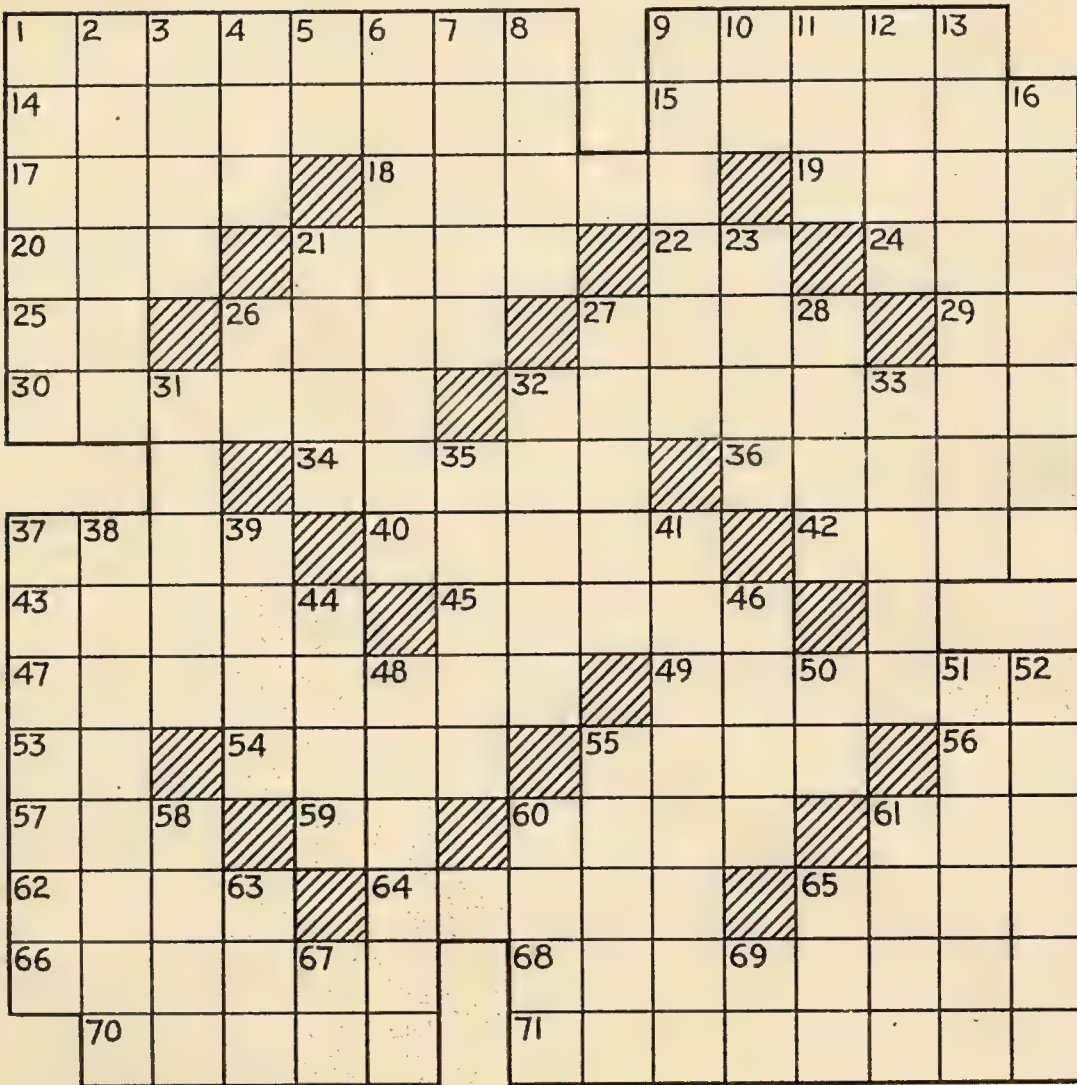
30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Local Union Carbon Co. UCC and Carbon Corporation

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Bivalvular Kaffeeklatsch
- 9 #
- 14 Master Yokum, the Chaste Hero of Dogpatch (two words)
- 15 Herculean efforts
- 17 What to begin if you flop
- 18 This will take your breath away
- 19 They keep wanting to take this cursed thing out of Macbeth
- 20 What big companies usually are (abbr.)
- 21 They should be pressed frequently on girls, fellers
- 22 Here I am objectively in reverse
- 24 — bitta pi
- 25 This is poor little me
- 26 Lodge sums of money
- 27 Rara birda
- 29 'Tain't em
- 30 Causes relations (not your wife's) to cool
- 32 Sounds like an ocean but is really more definite
- 34 This makes Johnny smart
- 36 How not to be wrecked on a desert island
- 37 Last word from an out-board motor
- 40 This is always sunny
- 42 Press tulips
- 43 Gents wot slip da phony woid about Desdemona to dumb bunnies like Othello
- 45 He's been holding everything up so long, he must have a pain in the neck
- 47 Something you can't do in Russia
- 49 Russo-Nazi pond (they hope)
- 53 Communist Republicans (abbr.)

HOPE ABIDE POLE
EVIL PUNIC UNIT
LENAPES ELAN NO
PRETER STABKEN
NEW ACETATE
AWED BRAD LAPEL
WAS ARAB BORIDE
AT SPAS HINT UP
REPEAT SALE ACE
ERECT RARE BIER
STIPENDAIL
BET TAME AIDERS
OR RENO ADMIRAL
SILO EVADE NOME
SNOW LEMON GNAW

Last week's answer

- 54 This will become sentimental
- 55 It's plane this is in the ozone
- 56 In constant demand in a big household
- 57 What he did when her husband came home
- 59 Frexamp (abbr.)
- 60 She's gotta fella! She's gotta fella!
- 61 It's the beginning of April, folks!
- 62 Jab the meaning out of an article with a blue pencil
- 64 That Languish dame
- 65 'Tis a cold faw i' Scotland
- 66 A pretty deep crack
- 68 Puritan mamas; yesterday's Barbaras and Joans
- 70 Is desirous of getting one's dukes on
- 71 Youth can have its fling with these

VERTICAL

- 1 You get them with stakes in the Wild West
- 2 Fringilloid warbler
- 3 Alexander the Little
- 4 Woman with a paw

- 5 Gun that shoots caviar
- 6 Human antiques
- 7 Marine spinach (pl.)
- 8 Love bug
- 9 Johnny's hankie
- 10 This'll hand you a laugh
- 11 Collegiate exit tickets
- 12 Mr. Lynch's necktie
- 13 If you're full of beans, then you're full of these
- 16 Strange attitudes assumed by golfers
- 21 Firpo's first name
- 23 He and Ica, they look alica
- 26 Rat exterminator (abbr.)
- 27 Shock (var.)
- 28 This worm buys all Japan's war materials
- 31 It brought color to her cheeks and brightened her outlook
- 32 Seasons
- 33 How da Dodgers hope to wind up
- 35 Sunday rib (rare)
- 37 He keeps having his fling
- 38 Poisonous hag
- 39 Fling
- 41 He brought Gargantua into the world
- 44 Suicide ship
- 46 Gal's name
- 48 Almost angels
- 50 Lousy Oratory (abbr.)
- 51 Spike
- 52 Grab a buss, pet
- 55 Underworld fiction
- 58 Take a sickening swoop into the H₂O
- 60 This looks Red but it's really yellow through and through
- 61 This'll make you blue
- 63 Gravy catcher
- 65 Start sailing here
- 67 Bismarck's present whereabouts (abbr.)
- 69 Goofy Shane (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

SALE

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~~\$1.00~~
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59¢

*special
spring
sale*

TRY THE
FINGERNAIL
TEST!



SCRATCH your scalp now if you dare! If your fingernails show ugly dandruff scales, you need 3-action Wildroot-with-Oil! 3-action because it removes loose dandruff, relieves dryness, grooms the hair. Wildroot-with-Oil is the regular Wildroot formula plus pure vegetable oils to keep hair neatly in place without building up grease on the scalp. Get Wildroot-with-Oil while this offer lasts!

WILDROOT COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

**WILDROOT-WITH-OIL
3-ACTION**

1. GROOMS THE HAIR
2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

*Hurry
get
yours
today!*

IMPORTANT. Wildroot regular formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily hair preparation, also on sale everywhere! Professional Application not recommended.

SO I'm a louse. O. K. All gossip columnists are pediculi. (Look that one up.) Louse Ledyard. Only last week ex-Mayor Stockhill referred to me in an after-dinner heart-throb as a loucentious lice. Then because I quoted him verbatim, parallel with the wine list, he threatened libel. Many are threatened but few are sued. Sometimes you get it other ways, though. So did I.

Was that a popular sporting event! Hallelujahs rang up Broadway and down Park Avenue. Every clip joint in town that I ever panned served

pay me fifty grand per Good Queen Annum for being popular. It pays me for bringing in the dirt. And if ever I do stray from the straight-and-narrow of the mud road where I get my pickings, what subsequently transpires? Blitz, and likewise krieg.

So shines a good deed in a naughty world, huh? Nuts to you, Bill; take a look at my two shiners. Yes, Mr. Shakespeare, I'm addressing myself to you. And while you're at it, devote a cursory inspection to the hickey on my jaw, and listen to those two ribs creaking. Sure it was a fair fight. One against one. So was Russia's little tiff with Finland. Only I'm no Finn.

The winnah, Bouncing Bob Delafleur. See the Social Register. He

Springs bathhouse. After that he fought as a light-heavyweight, fourth-class, like a crossroads post office. When he turned up again, it was with uninvested capital consisting of a polo coat and his physique. It must have been his looks, with the widow. She went off the deep end for him. A nice woman, too; nothing flighty or flashy about her. It was just one of those cockeyed yens that hit the most unlikely females.

Most tips come to a column by disguised telephone voice or anonymous mail. Anonymous and unreliable. This one I got by ear. In one of those station lunch joints with coops. The two kids were in the next cell. What a swell-looking pair! I spotted her from a mag picture of the year be-

A

Shining

CANDLE

"You aren't safe in that house.
It's making a mess of you."



drinks on the house. Louis Ledyard cocktails, with a straw and an artificial keyhole to drink through. Ministers texted me as a horrible example. A Gallup poll on me as of today would look like this:

Got what was coming to him.... 99.9%.

Decline to express an opinion.... .1%.

The one tenth of one per cent would be a deaf-mute.

O. K., folks. The Daily Flash doesn't

married into it and the Swann-Wilbur millions via the widow Swann-Wilbur. Twice as old as Bob? So what? He didn't marry her for her age, did he? He's a good picker. He picked me to fight.

I've got an envelope in my "morgue" on that marriage. You have to keep those things in case they bust out later into the news, as they per usually do. Delafleur had a record. He got half a college education and turned up as a rubber in a Hot

fore. She was Greta Swann-Wilbur of the new hatch of debs. The lad was her younger brother. I wondered what they were doing in that dump. I ordered liquid food so as not to clog my acoustics by chewing.

It was wasted trouble. Those two were much too excited to realize how young voices carry. It was easy to join up the pieces. She'd wired him and he'd come down from school. He was saying:

"When was it?"

"Night before last," she said.
 "Where was mother?"
 "I think he gave her something to make her sleep. I can't prove it, of course."
 "I'm going to tell mother."
 "She wouldn't believe you. She knows you hate him."
 "She'd believe you. You say you nicked him with the knife."
 "I had to. He'd explain that away. He can make her believe anything."
 "Mother's the darnedest—"
 "No, Bud! She's lost her head, that's all. I love her. I'll always love her. So will you."
 "Yes, I guess that's right," he said, and he sounded pretty sick.
 "Just the same, there must be some way of putting her wise to him."

is sleeping in the outer room now."
 "It's making a mess of you. You look terrible," he said miserably.
 "I haven't been sleeping too well. Maybe I can get mother to send me away."
 "How will Stan like that?" (One for the book. I made a note for a paragraph on Standiford Leigh and Greta Swann-Wilbur.) "Have you told him about our Robin?"
 "No."
 "He'd kill him."
 "That's what I'm afraid of." She was afraid, too. I expect she had reason. The Leighs were Kentuckians, quick on the trigger and with a touchy sense of honor. They had a picturesque target record. "I think mother would crack completely if

they had read Louis Ledyard's column for a week. By way of originality I signed it "A Well Wisher." My mail averages fifty Well Wishers a week. The opening paragraph wasn't much, either. It was one of my Mother Goose for Park Avenue series about Cock Robin, who thought he was a hawk, and advised him to fly wide of the home chicken coop if he didn't want his tail feathers shot away. I knew he'd read between the lines and hoped the kids could. I had a couple more shots in reserve. That's right where they stayed, too.

The big chief called me in. He had the Mother Goose ditty on his desk. I was to lay off the whole Delafleur-Swann-Wilbur outfit, who were, he indicated, right down his social alley.

**A girl in peril . . . a keyhole columnist with a heart!
 Here's the vivid, modern story of a scandal and a kiss**

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS



"If she did believe it, she'd kill herself."

"Oh, bunk!"

"She would. I know. She tried to, you know, over that Water Follies girl."

"You never told me."

"What was the use? I'd never told you about this if you hadn't suspected something."

"But, sis, you aren't safe in that house."

"I can take care of myself. Marie

there were a scandal. You know how sunk she was over the newspaper publicity on her marriage. You've got to promise me not to tell Stan."

"I'll use my own judgment," he said importantly.

While they were arguing this I scratched off a note, paid my check, beckoned my waiter to the door and handed him the paper with instructions.

The note wasn't much. It told them to do nothing and say nothing till

That was a laugh. He's got about the same chance of breaking into that set as Mae West has of leading the Junior League.

So I had to be good. Anyway, I had to be careful. My next crack was one of the kind that causes the customers to write in and complain that I'm slipping. That's what *they* think.

The Flowers that bloomed in Hot Springs, tra-la,
 Now grow in Park Avenue soil.

And so on. It got past the boss. As why wouldn't it? Nobody could spot that one but the ex-Flowers himself. And he couldn't beef about it without giving himself away. His next move was to send me word to meet him in a West Side apartment to talk it over. Usually cash money plays the lead in that sort of conversation. I don't use outside cash; my fifty grand suffices for my modest needs. But I had some nonfinancial talk to make with Mr. Delafleur.

We reached a quick understanding on the money proposition. After that it was all one way. I weigh one forty-three and I'm nearer fifty years old than I'll ever get again. I guess he put all of his two hundred pounds into that first punch. When he was done kicking me, he dragged me onto the sofa and threw water in what was left of my face. The idea was that he'd kill me if I ever mentioned him again.

"O. K., bo," I said. "If I get beaten up once, that's routine. If I get beaten up twice, that's a Broadway cackle. But if I get croaked, that's a story. Now I'll tell you one, for suspended publication. I've got a full signed statement on you from Greta. It's sealed and safely parked with one of the best reporters in New York. Nothing is going to stop it if I get bumped off. Ask your lawyer how you'll look with a murder charge, backed up by evidence of an attempt on your own stepdaughter."

He swallowed that phony, lock, stock, and barrel. He looked at me pretty hard for a minute and said:

"What are you going to do next?"

If I'd said the wrong thing, I believe he'd have taken a chance and killed me then and there. I said: "I'm going to be sick. Where's the bathroom?"

I wasn't going to be sick, but I didn't feel up to any more beating just then. I knew there would be bottles in a bathroom. And I knew that a buck that'll take a chance against a gun or a knife won't stand up to jagged glass. Besides, Mr. Delafleur's face was his fortune. I found two nice big ones, heavy glass, and I broke them into nasty angles on the bathtub, and came out with one cocked in each hand. They didn't require any explanation.

"Listen, you," I told him. "I'm printing nothing about this. It's out. But if you make another crack at that girl I'll know it, and I'll blow you out of your job for good."

He snarled at me like an alley cat. "What's she to you?"

"You wouldn't understand," I said.

By the time I was calked up enough to sail Broadway again, the story was all over the place that made me Public Parasite No. 1. It seems I'd made a pass at a young society gal and got myself hammered to a pulp by her justly incensed father. The Broadway Choral will now sing, with anvil accompaniment, that rousing old

chorus, "Pediculi, pedicula, pediculi, pedicula-a-a-a." The echoes will sound afar, all right; probably until I'm back in the sticks writing fillers for Sunday pages.

Here's one that you may have seen, but not in Louis Ledyard's column:

What lovely little Society judy bussed a dirt-dishing columnist in the Periwinkle Club the other eve and had to watch her b. f. stalk out on her?

THEY were there when I came in, the sister and brother and Standiford Leigh. Somebody must have spoken my name, for I heard that clear, even-pitched voice of hers:

"Is that really Louis Ledyard?"

"That's Louse Ledyard." It was Leigh that answered.

"Ask him over, Stan. I want to meet him."

"If he comes to this table, I leave."

That was a wrong play with her. "Then I'll go to him."

It was no use trying to stop her. Over she came, and out he went.

"Mr. Ledyard, I'm Greta Swann-Wilbur. Will you tell me something?"

"Telling things is what keeps me in business," I said.

"What did you do it for?"

Just like I had answered Delafleur, I told her, "You wouldn't understand." Only this time I held out a mental reservation.

"Maybe I would," she said.

So I said: "Maybe you would, at that. If she'd lived to grow up, she'd be just about your age. She was the only one we ever had."

It was then she kissed me. So I guess she understood, all right.

Standiford Leigh wrote me a pretty swell letter of apology. She must have told him the whole thing. I had a beat on their engagement. It did not include the following social note, still unpublished, though strictly authentic:

Among those present at the small and exclusive reception given by Mrs. Swann-Wilbur Delafleur to announce the betrothal of her daughter, Greta Swann-Wilbur, to Standiford Leigh, were Mr. Robin B. Delafleur (né Bouncing Bob Flowers) and Mr. Louis (the Louse) Ledyard.

There are times when I figure I might have taken up some daintier line of business, like gathering garbage. Things I'd rather forget turn sardine on me: The Tillotson suicide. The Garland-Gray divorce. Penn Burden doing a ten-year stretch in Sing Sing. No; I didn't make the news. I just got it before the rest. Somebody would have printed it if I hadn't. Nevertheless comma—Then I think of those two decent, troubled kids in the eatery, and I feel better.

O. K., old Bill S. Maybe I've got to backtrack about that little shining candle of yours. I believe you've got something there, Mr. Shakespeare.

THE END

TOPS!
... on fruit pies, baked apples, gingerbread

"Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese slightly softened with milk ... whipped up with a spoon.

● For sandwiches, refreshing salads and desserts ... be sure your cream cheese is exquisitely fresh in flavor. Get the brand that's guaranteed fresh ... genuine "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese ... made exclusively by Kraft. Always rich and tempting!

PHILADELPHIA BRAND PASTEURIZED CREAM CHEESE
NET WEIGHT 3 OZS.
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Made only by KRAFT

To get the brand that's GUARANTEED FRESH always LOOK for this name "Philadelphia" Brand

GIVE him a peek at the furnishings of your home, and William K. Drewes will read you like a book. For twenty years that has been part of his business as one of this country's leading authorities on fine-arts insurance. Meeting him recently, I asked what he can tell about us just from our household belongings.

"Homes are quickly revealing," he said, "all taste being 75 per cent inherited, 15 per cent subconscious, only 10 per cent conscious, so it's easy to make out the race, habits, and characteristics of almost any homeowner. For example, the Irish usually prefer energetic expressions in art, while Jewish taste is essentially intellectual, and Scottish restful. Latin races incline toward simplified things, Germanics toward ornamentation.

"Many actresses want mauve boudoirs," said Mr. Drewes, "because orchid is the color associated by their subconscious minds with ideas of success." A neat, extensive array of hats and shoes in a wardrobe closet means, as a rule, that husband and wife sleep in twin beds, and that she is the family boss. . . . Most of us overvalue our treasures, but not always. A while back Mr. Drewes had the pleasure of informing one client that a picture purchased for eight thousand dollars was actually worth thirty thousand. . . . Here, for our benefit, is an expert appraiser's practical tip concerning mirrors. He said, "Many a woman has ruined her life by using a mirror that didn't suit her. Mirrors are not all alike, by any means. The quality of the mercury backing lends them great variety. Be certain you've got one that suits you."

★ Apprehensively I watched a crowd gather around a drugstore just off Fifth Avenue. The day had been tumultuous, with pickets rioting in front of a foreign consulate, fights in the street, a threatened transit strike, and I don't know all what not. Had decided to go away from there without delay, when up loomed a smiling cop, the crowd parted, faces grinned, and out of a cellar climbed a mother cat escorting three newborn kittens. She received a big hand from cops, pickets, every one alike. For her sake all warlike causes were momentarily forgotten. It was a rare little scene.

★ The smart and pretty fashion of wearing real flowers as jewelry has been aided cleverly by Miss Elizabeth Day, actress and designer, whose new composition bracelets, necklaces, earrings, combs, etc., are



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

rigged with miniature clips to hold the blossoms of your choice. Inexpensive and elegant for summer dress. . . . For green-vine or flower arrangements to brighten dark corners in the house, look at the new Crystalex bubbles, sailboats, and scales of justice. Nice for the porch also.

★ Strange things have been done with custard through the ages. At banquets in Queen Elizabeth's day the court jester had to jump *kerplunk* into a giant bowl of custard. Not so long ago our own movie queens dealt merrily with custard pies by hand and face. More to your liking, I think, will be the Hungarian supper dish known as *Hagyma Lepany*—a surprisingly good unsweetened custard tart with poppy seeds and young green onions in it. Make as follows: . . . Line a pie plate, preferably a fluted-edge one, with rich crust. For

the custard, beat 3 eggs with 1 tablespoon flour, pinch of nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt. Add 2½ cups milk. Fill piecrust with custard and place in slow oven.

After 10 minutes sprinkle 3 finely chopped scallions (green part as well as white) into the custard, then after 10 minutes more put in 1 tablespoon poppy seeds. Cook very slowly until custard sets. Complete cooking time should be about 45 or 50 minutes. Serve cool but not chilled. Excellent with cold meat, spring salad, and hot biscuits.

★ Visited a *speech for parents* course taught by Marion Brainard, who soundly argues that our kids won't speak correctly unless we do, because they imitate us. True, to be sure; yet a sociology professor of my acquaintance has refused to let his very cultured middle-aged wife go with him on any more trips into backward mountain districts, because *she* picks up so much hillbilly talk it takes her the rest of the year to unlearn it.

★ With photographs, drawings, charts, and straightforward explanations, Lois Hayden Meek, Ph. D., gives vivid usefulness to her new book, *Your Child's Development and Guidance Told in Pictures*. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.)

★ Last month a fifteen-year-old bridegroom, married since October, was committed by law to a children's home for possessing burglar's tools. I report this because it seems to be the first time on record that a *husband* has been officially classified as a delinquent child. Of course we all know unofficial cases.



BATTLE OF THE FAIR



Virginia Engels, a candidate for the Miss Stream-line title of the 1940 Exposition.

Blondes and brunettes from a nude ranch do a modern Lady Godiva act.

Beauty, in double exposure, descends an all-glass staircase. Twins? No. It's all done with mirrors and one of Sally Rand's Miss Americas.

A trumpet fanfare on Treasure Island heralds the reopening of the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition, on May 25.

Treasure Island, a jewel off the San Francisco mainland, is again a tourists' Mecca.



AT THE FAIRS

Five good reasons why the Aquacade does a rushing business at the Fair in New York.



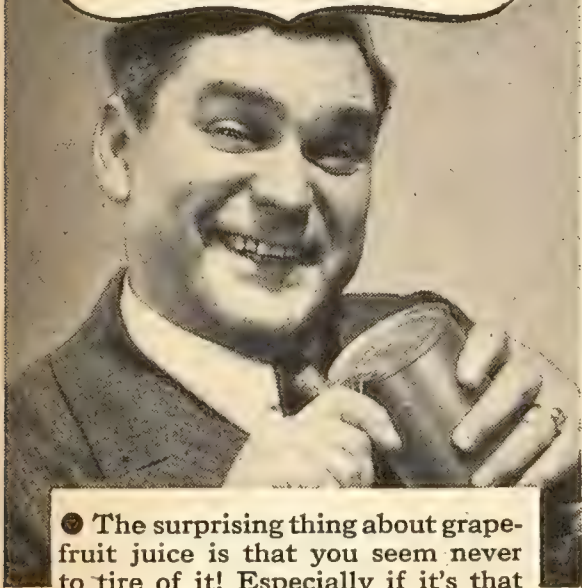
A World's Fair delight is Barbara Thomson, a pupil of the Lily Lenora dance studio.



A fair skater goes boomp!

New York's World's Fair began its second season on May 11.

"One good drink
deserves another!"



● The surprising thing about grapefruit juice is that you seem never to tire of it! Especially if it's that tangy juice you get only from Florida grapefruit!

Try it as a meal-starter—or as a mouth-freshening nightcap. Its vitamins and minerals help your body renew and rebuild itself while you sleep. And it's good for you in a dozen different ways. Why not enjoy some today?

FLORIDA CANNED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

have you ever had a
**French
Canadian**
vacation?

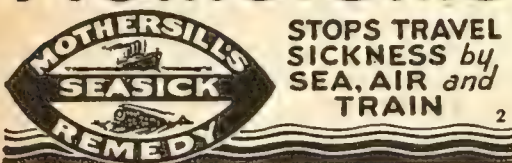


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SICKNESS by
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2

FINAL WEEK, \$2,000 VACATIONLAND CONTEST

ON this page Coupon 10 brings with it the close of the 1940 test of your knowledge of North America's vacationland. Be sure, when you have completed and checked each solution, that you include with your entry the brief statement required by Rule 3. Do not elaborate or decorate your entry. Simplicity is best. The judges will make their decisions as rapidly as possible so that the prizes will be available for use this season. Make sure that you meet the closing date, Friday, May 17. If your entry has been kept up to date you will have no difficulty on this score. And, again, don't forget to enclose the statement with the solutions!



Denver & Rio Grande Western RR. photo.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOULIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOULIN.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.

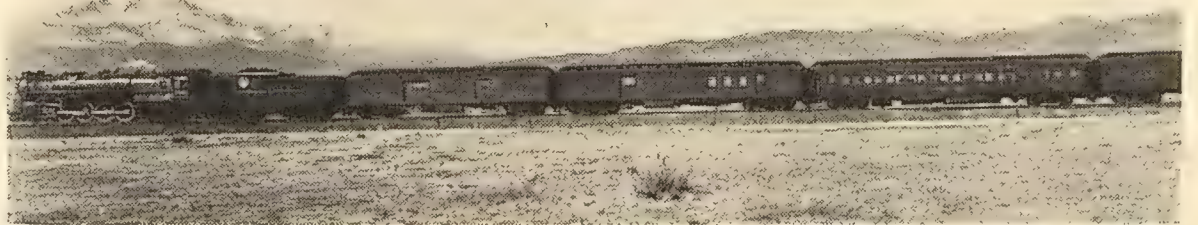
3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a \$500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded \$100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded \$5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.



Denver & Rio Grande Western RR. photo.

NO. 10—USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble	Solution
1. TACTUNENK	
2. VEKILELAL	
3. GITOSHANIN	
4. SOCHIMAPART	
5. YAUTHGAEUAC	
6. COSCASNARNIF	
7. GEMAMPHROGEM	
8. PSGOLDREIGNSNOW	
9. NORINGTARBERGAT	
10. TOROCOLDMOPTINF	



Mary said: "If you fools think you can—" The tall gangster gave her the back of his hand.

THE MAN WHO PLAYED *Howard*

FOR LOVE

BY ROBERT O. ERISMAN

A swift, stirring story of sacrifice and happiness strangely won from a romance that was born to be broken

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

YOU know how you feel when you come out of a movie theater after seeing Cagney in a gangster picture or Gary Cooper in a Western? Well, that's the way this man Eldredge affected you without your having to see him in a movie.

When he stepped into Dick Ball's diner, which was situated on the edge of town that U. S. 202 skirted, he had to stoop. He looked, in fact, a lot like Gary Cooper.

And the way he took off his hat and hung it up and moved to one of the stools had all of us wanting to reach for imaginary six-guns.

Except, of course, Mary Potter.

Mary Potter was affected by Eldredge in another way. She saw him through the eyes of a girl.

Oh, Dick Ball wasn't blind. Dick just flipped the vast skillet of hash browns, and clean sinew played along his forearms, and then he turned to Eldredge and said quietly:

"Yes, sir?"

You see, Dick and Mary had been sweethearts since any of us young bucks of Reed Center could recall. We'd all gone to the same local high school. Now and then a Reed Center product went away to college. That was seldom, though. Most of us, I guess, figured that we could find about all there was in life right in Reed Center. And the radio and the maga-

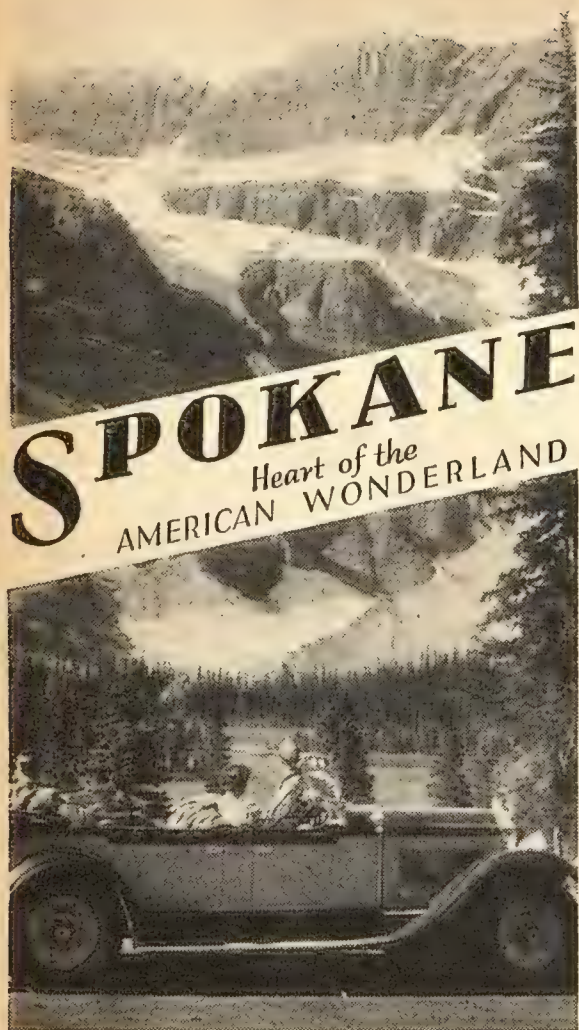
zine racks kept us up with the times.

What I'm trying to say is that we were no narrow-minded hicks, and Dick Ball least of all of us; so Dick didn't get in a lather when he saw what came into Mary Potter's wide blue eyes that morning Eldredge arrived.

Eldredge said: "Will you let me have a cup of coffee, please?"

Not "A draw, and one of them jelly doughnuts." Nor "Java and sinkers."

Dick put a cup of coffee in front of him, a beautiful steaming creamy-brown brew in a clean white mug (ask any transport truck driver along U. S. 202 where you can get the best cup of coffee on the Atlantic seaboard), and misty morning sunlight



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Include Spokane and its many scenic beauties in your western itinerary this year. Enchanting experiences await you.



Write for Literature
**CHAMBER of
COMMERCE**
Spokane, Washington

Name _____
Street _____
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sparkled on the two big nickel-plated urns, and Mary suddenly was typing menus again, and I was straightening the chairs at the tables too exactly.

There you had it, that first time; there was nothing else. But the damage had been done. I found that out when I watched Mary dance with Eldredge at the dance Saturday night.

First, though, came Thursday night; and since I was the only witness to what happened that night, Mary will never know about it. Of course, it wouldn't really matter now if Mary found out. Mary is happily married now, and the worst that finding out could affect her would be to maybe cause her eyes to mist over a little.

Eldredge had taken a room at the hotel, and around midnight he'd set out on a long walk and, returning, he'd stop in at the diner for coffee. Well, Thursday night this rickety touring car rocked up, and before it came to a stop it had knocked one of the red window boxes loose. And the four lads piled out and piled into the place and onto the stools, and they were yelling for service before they were scarcely inside.

I didn't say anything about the window box, but I passed out a few looks. I sized them up as rowdies from a near-by town.

Eldredge came in just as one of them, an ugly redhead, grabbed up a catchup bottle and flourished it. A big blob of the stuff hit Eldredge's corduroy trouser leg. As he slowly let the door shut behind him it began to drip on his shoe.

The redhead shouted, "Oh, now, I'm sorry as hell about that, friend," but the glint in his eye was not apologetic, nor was there anything in the gaping of the others beyond devilish anticipation.

ELDREDGE was young, not over twenty-eight at the most. When his face was at ease you could see he was. But he didn't look young as those lines creased around his mouth. There was hardness in those lines, a deep hardness.

And then I saw his eyes flick to me, and I saw the hardness go out of them abruptly and a pleasant smile come to his lips, and it was somehow because of what I saw in that moment that I didn't tell Dick Ball or Mary anything of this incident or what happened ten minutes later.

I saw that Eldredge did not want the hardness in him revealed.

He wiped the catchup off his trouser leg and shoe with a paper napkin, and then he slowly sipped a cup of coffee at the counter, and then he went out.

The four rowdies paid up at once and went out too. When I got to the door I saw the redhead trip Eldredge from behind, and they all just stood there looking at him as he turned.

Eldredge must have decided then that there'd be no walking away from them. He must have decided, too, that down there in the shadows, and at this late hour, what he did would not be seen by any townsman.

The redhead dropped as if he'd been pole-axed. A right took him before he knew what was happening. The next two, rushing in, appeared to have banged their heads against a stone wall in the dark.

I saw metal glint in the hand of the fourth. Whether it was a knife or gun barrel, the weapon was never used. From Eldredge's position, as the last rowdy dropped, I knew that right had flickered again, and I knew that I had never seen a man move as fast as Eldredge.

YOU saw Mary Potter's eyes that Saturday night. You looked around at the lanterns moving in the breeze,



ROBERT O. ERISMAN

made his start in the advertising business, and soon was writing not only copy but fiction. At present he's editorial director of a number of publications. Born in Baltimore; lives in Noank, Connecticut; is married; has a Pekingese whose name is Douglas.

and at the shadowy forms of the couples on the floor and at the stags cruising along the railing, but you remembered only Mary's eyes.

She stood with Dick, waiting for the next dance to start, when Eldredge and I arrived. That look came into her eyes when she saw Eldredge.

You see, I was in right at the start. For if I hadn't brought Eldredge to that dance there might never have been anything.

I'd felt sure Eldredge was lonely. I'd felt sure he would have been delighted to make some friends in Reed Center and buy a little house perhaps—and begin a new life. When he was having a cigarette with his coffee I'd said abruptly:

"Everybody in Reed Center goes to the dance Saturday night, Mr. Eldredge. How about tagging it with me tonight?"

And he'd looked at me a moment, and a broad grin had begun to spread across his face and he'd said:

"I'd like that."

It was exciting, somehow, introducing Eldredge. It somehow made you feel proud to know that people were thinking he was a friend of yours. And Reed Center folks had taken notice as he and I moved around the floor.

Mary said, after a moment: "How do you like Reed Center?"

And Eldredge replied graciously: "It's a beautiful little town."

And Dick Ball said: "Are you just on vacation or—"

"Mr. Eldredge is planning to live in Reed Center permanently," I said.

"I'd like very much to," Eldredge said.

And the conversation went like that. Very stiff. As though we were a bunch of kids and Eldredge was a very mature man. And there was simply nothing any of us could do about it, try as we might.

When Dick and Mary went off and danced, they somehow looked like foolish awkward kids. As I waited with Eldredge I felt like one. And when I introduced him to other townsfolk who came by, they became like kids too.

And it was so though Eldredge made every effort to be polite and kind and sociable.

The first time I had a sense of rightness was when Eldredge asked Mary to dance. She lost her embarrassment when she went onto the floor with him, and he seemed completely at ease at last. Maybe he had sensed that here was a spirit to match his own.

Whatever it was, Dick Ball flushed as he watched them dance. And my heart, for some reason, pounded.

HE'S a tall guy, see," the first lug said, "and he looks like if you let him have one in the belly he'd fold quick, and he puts on a act like a gentleman."

"An' we're a couple friends of his," the second lug said, lighting a cigarette. And then, fastening his pale eyes on me: "Bud, when do I get them veal cutlets?"

The first lug said: "Listen, bud. We don't wanna play around, see. We know the guy's here some place. Now you just tell us where."

They'd come in and started talking like that. I knew that if I didn't say something in a hurry one of them would get up and start slapping me around.

I don't know why I was so moved. Eldredge meant nothing to me. But I was sure, somehow, that these men had come up out of a past he was trying to escape, to forget.

And finally, in the back of my mind, I probably remembered the picture of Eldredge and Mary dancing together.

I said: "There's been no such man around Reed Center."

The first lug grabbed the front of my shirt and banged the back of his right hand across my eyes.

"Now talk," he said without opening his teeth.

I couldn't see very well. I was looking through a lot of large tears that wouldn't wipe away.

The headlights were outside the windows then. They were big ones and they looked good to me. The lugs swung off the stools without paying their checks—the first one had put a toothpick in his mouth—as the customers came in.

I DOUBT if Eldredge would ever have made a move. He came for all his meals, and he smiled like an overgrown boy at Mary, but it was she who had to break out of the haven of their small talk.

She said: "I'm having a party next Friday night and I'd like you to come if you could."

He had just paid his check, and I saw the red begin up the back of his neck. I got busy down under the

(Continued on page 54)

HER HERO RATED ZERO IN THE ART OF LOVE!



CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM and president of his class—Bud was a campus hero who made the gals all sweetly shivery—especially Sue. Yet Date No. 1 ended in an *awful* scrap!



WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Luckily, Professor Truelove heard about it.



THE ART OF LOVE was the prof's pet subject. "Bud," said he, "your technique's bad. Girls like a pipe if you smoke good-smelling tobacco. Try some of this for fragrance."



HEARTS ENTWINED once again! Sue has said "yes" to Bud and his pipe since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh, that milder blend of burleys with the gr-r-and aroma!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE

around lid seals flavor in
... brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!



IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

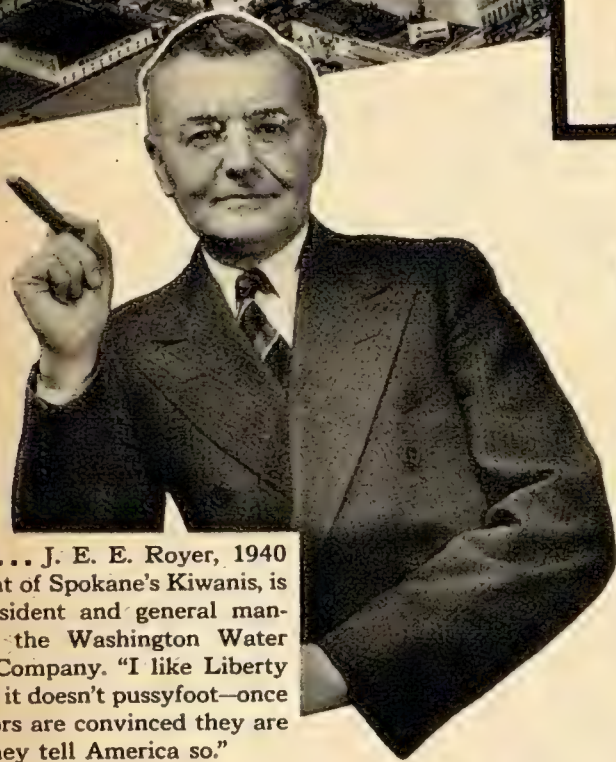
TUNE IN Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.



MAYOR . . . Frank Sutherlin, for many years a leading railway executive, is now serving a second term as Mayor of Spokane. He likes Liberty's clear-cut policy on economic and political matters; says, "There's never any doubt where Liberty stands on important issues."

SPOKANE . .

POWERHOUSE OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST



POWER . . . J. E. E. Royer, 1940 president of Spokane's Kiwanis, is vice-president and general manager of the Washington Water Power Company. "I like Liberty because it doesn't pussyfoot—once its editors are convinced they are right, they tell America so."

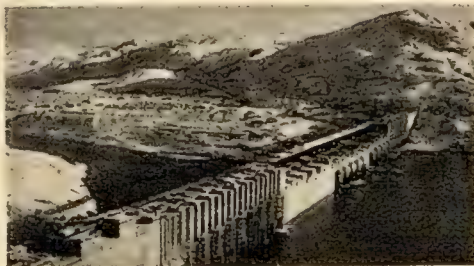
Down through the middle of Spokane rushes the river which is the symbol of the city. On its banks, the Spokane tribes sat in council, and the Northwest Company built its fort and trading post. Today, the spray from the falls in flood blows over the Monroe Street bridge; the river is the last link with the pioneer past. For Spokane, the modern city, shows no signs of its frontier beginnings.

Spokane is the metropolis of that region between the Cascade Mountains and the Rockies which its residents justifiably call "the Inland Empire." As big as New England, the Spokane country embraces the eastern half of Washington, and parts of Oregon, Idaho, and Montana. Within its mountain walls are hills and plains, lakes and rivers, and a great richness of natural resource. Lumber, silver and lead; wheat, apples and zinc. And water—slow, brown water for arid acres; white-churned

water for power. Dams are plentiful in the Inland Empire, but greatest of them all is Grand Coulee—the biggest thing ever made by man.

The city itself has the bigness of its environment. It is set in a chain of lakes—there are

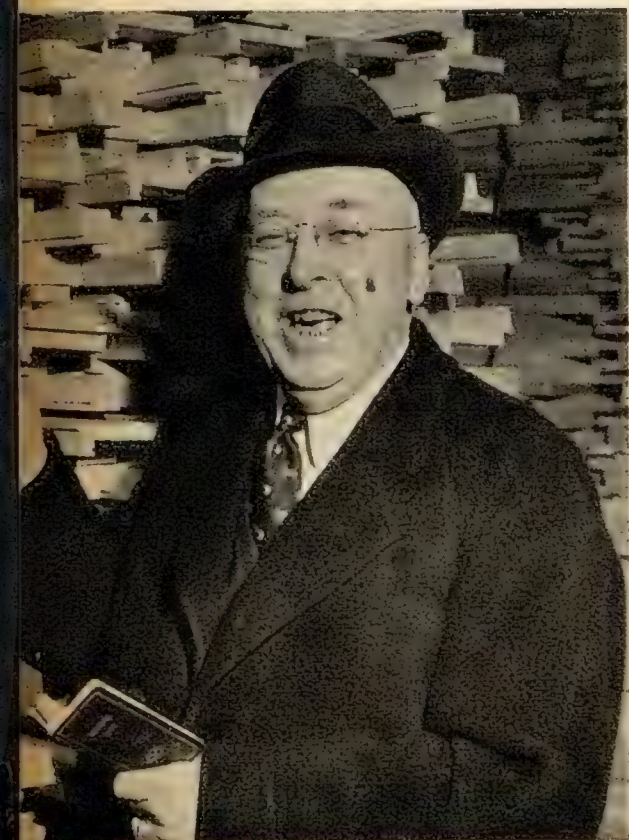
fifty-six within fifty miles—and boasts the largest park area per capita of any city in the country, including a whole mountain for recreation use. Spokane's expansive living is visible in pleasant streets and tidy homes, in the healthy and



Grand Coulee Dam

progressive outlook of its people.

It is significant that Liberty goes into every seventh home in Spokane. Wherever life is full and well rounded, Liberty is well read. On these pages are interviewed a few of the readers of this magazine in another community which is a notable example of "worthwhile America." How they feel about Liberty means much to those advertisers who would have America think well of their products.



50 MILLION FEET . . . J. M. Brown, president of the Long Lake Lumber Company, cuts 50 million feet of timber a year, and ships the finished lumber all over the world. "My entire family reads Liberty", says Mr. Brown, "It's got something in it for everybody. For example, my wife likes *To the Ladies* and the short stories. I prefer the



EARLY BIRD . . . J. T. Trenery, for many years Crane Company's Spokane sales executive, is president of the Early Birds Breakfast Club, Spokane's unofficial committee for the reception of distinguished visitors. One reason I like Liberty is it's 'early-bird' policy of waking up people to important problems,



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE . . . Eric A. Johnston served two terms as president of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, and is now serving his second term as Director of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Says he: "Mr. Macfadden, is one of the most courageous and most convincing writers on current American problems."



STUDEBAKER DISTRIBUTORS . . . DeWitt Wallace is president of Wallace Brothers, one of the oldest and largest Studebaker distributors in the country. Liberty is one of Mr. Wallace's favorite magazines because—"it prints so much of interest to me—like that *Berlin Should Be Bombed* article by H. G. Wells."



MINING ... C. O. Dunlop, is President of the Northwest Mining Association and a highly regarded mine operator in the Pacific Northwest. "I enjoy Liberty more than any magazine I read," says Mr. Dunlop, "for its sound, fundamental policy."



LABORATORY ... Joseph Drumheller, graduate chemical engineer of University of Washington and owner of the Drumheller Analytical Laboratory, is majority leader in the state senate. He says, "I admire Liberty for its progressive policies—and because it doesn't pull its punches."



HOTEL ... James A. McCluskey manages the world-famous Davenport Hotel, Spokane equivalent of New York's *Waldorf-Astoria* or Chicago's *Palmer House*. "Travelers like Liberty—as do I, for its interpretive views on world events in terms of most Americans."



BANKER ... Joel Ferris, prominent in Spokane civic and social circles, is president of the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company. "I read Liberty every week," says Mr. Ferris, "and find deep interest in such articles as those you recently published about Thomas E. Dewey."

Photographs Specially
Taken For Liberty
By Herb Steward



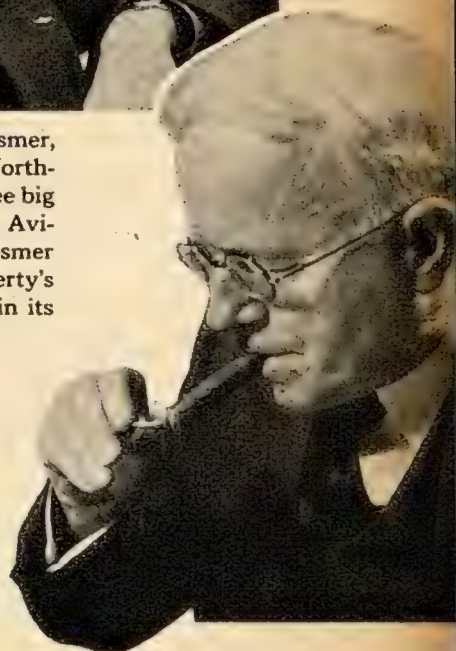
EDUCATOR ... Dr. Orville C. Pratt has been Superintendent of the Spokane Public School system since 1916; is a past president of the National Educational Association. "Liberty", says Dr. Pratt, "stands out as one of the greatest publishing exponents of sound and stable Americanism in our country today."



THE CRESCENT ... Spokane's largest department store is the Crescent, and James L. Paine its president. He has been active in Spokane's civic affairs for half a century. "Yes", answered Mr. Paine in answer to our inquiry, "I'm a regular reader of Liberty. It's got a strong editorial appeal—difficult to put into words—but I believe *human* and *understanding* comes closest to it."



RADIO PIONEER ... Louis Wasmer, radio pioneer in the Pacific Northwest, owns two of Spokane's three big radio stations—KHQ and KGA. Aviation enthusiast as well, Mr. Wasmer "enjoys" the sincerity of Liberty's Editorials, the advanced ideas in its fiction and special articles."



FURNITURE ... Charles Hebberd is president of Tull & Gibbs, leading Spokane home furnishing store. Says Mr. Hebberd: "If I got nothing out of Liberty, except Mr. Macfadden's fine editorials, I'd feel well repaid for the time I spend reading Liberty each week."



Liberty

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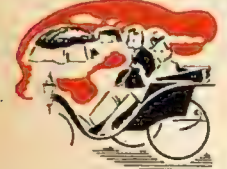
the cost of driving. Never before such travel opportunities as this year! Never such easy riding comfort, such convenient schedules—at such welcome savings. Just compare Greyhound's lower fares with those of any other transportation!



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NEW HAMPSHIRE



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Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from page 51)
counter, and Dick Ball asked a couple customers for the second time if there was anything else. There was no reason for it to be like that, actually. There was only the soft, rather hurried tone of Mary's voice, but somehow that was embarrassing to all of us.

Eldredge said: "I'd be very glad to come."

It was an awkward party. To me, Mary and Eldredge were like two blushing kids in love, and the rest of us were old people keeping them from holding hands.

That, of course, was just my impression. Nothing like that was the fact. We played games—bingo and hearts and jigsaw puzzles—and we danced to the radio, and Mary was as much with Dick Ball and George Wilcox and me, as far as any pairing off went, as with Eldredge.

And there was no feeling at all between Eldredge and Dick Ball. They were, as always, the best of friends. When the girls were all out in the kitchen helping with the refreshments, Eldredge and Dick sat out on the porch steps and talked and laughed.

No, it couldn't be that way long. It had to go one direction or the other. Eldredge had obviously sensed or been told how things had always been between Mary and Dick, and he didn't ask Mary for a date. It couldn't go on that way.

Something had to happen. We'd all have gone nuts walking around in that awful suspense much longer.

It was as bad for me as anybody, take my word. Maybe worse. For I knew about the two lugs. Two weeks had passed since their appearance, but I knew somehow they would be back.

They came back, I suppose, at a good time.

ELDRIDGE must have met Mary at Pete's, the general store. And he walked back to the diner with her.

I watched them coming down the road from the corner of my eye. Dick saw them too, but I know he did not want to. Dick had become somewhat sober, but that was the extent of his protest at Eldredge. Dick was fine about it.

They were laughing and talking in a sort of shy way. They made a very romantic-looking couple, all right. As Eldredge held the door, Mary, flushed, running slender fingers back through the wild array of her raven-black hair, greeted us:

"Oh, it's so windy!"

Dick and Eldredge smiled at each other, but behind Eldredge's smile, in his gray eyes, I saw for the first time the depth of the struggle that was tearing him. And in Dick's eyes was only sincere friendship.

Dick said: "Hello, Eldredge."

"Hello, Dick."

Dick turned to Mary. "And felicitations to you, my little friend."

Mary bowed slightly as she went

behind the cash register. "Mr. Ball," she said with mock seriousness.

Already, you see, the beginning of a brother-sister, old-pal relation between Dick and Mary had appeared, and no one was more aware of that than Eldredge. When Mary said, "Oh, Dick, you should hear all the places Mr. Eldredge has been!" Eldredge, sitting at the counter, kept his eyes glued on the ash tray he was tapping his cigarette in.

I said: "Hello, Mr. Eldredge."

SAW them first, standing there at the entrance. That was why I dropped the cup of coffee on the floor.

They were both smiling, and now that I think of it, they couldn't have looked more like movie villains. They spoke to the two customers, a couple of husky transport men, first.

The taller one said in a dead voice: "Now all you guys got to do is keep sittin' there, see."

The other one hadn't taken his eyes off Eldredge, and the unfunny smile on his face hadn't altered.

One of the truck drivers was trying to look tough. He said tensely: "Who says so, son?"

The tall gangster moved over to him then, and as the trucker tried to scramble up out of his chair, he hit him with a sap, a blackjack—hit him half across the eyes, where he'd let me have it with the back of his hand.

When the driver's pal started to get up, the blackjack cracked down hard on his forehead.

And when Dick Ball came around the counter with a heavy iron stirring spoon, the gangster at the door swished the gun he had out. He said: "Cool off, Jack, cool off," and Mary yelled: "Dick—don't! Please don't!"

Dick checked himself. He hated to.

And Eldredge stepped off his stool. He had shown nothing in his face. He had simply been watching.

The gangster with the gun said to Eldredge: "So the great big master mind of the underworld figured he'd just pick up his chips and take a powder for himself. Now ain't that jest too, too dandy!"

Eldredge's face was no longer a stone mask. Plenty was showing in it now, as he looked from Mary to Dick to the two gangsters, and I was sure I was reading most of it right.

The struggle there was no longer simply should or should not Eldredge steal the sweetheart of a fine lad like Dick Ball. No, it was no longer simply that. . . .

"They missed ya back in big town, fella." The gun was mostly on Eldredge, and the dead smile had begun to fade. "At first, anyways. Afterwards most of them was glad you was gone, but they didn't like you runnin' around loose with what you knew about them. They sent me an' Chollie after you to see what we could do about it."

Mary said suddenly: "If you fools think you can—"

The tall gangster gave her the back of that hand across her mouth then. And before Dick could do anything,

the blackjack in the other hand took him in the temple, and he went to his knees behind the counter.

"Quiet, sister," the gangster said. And to me he said: "Watch it, bud."

Eldredge? Yes, rage began in his calm eyes, but it died as quickly. And it was replaced by—a great contentment. Yes, that, actually. A moment later I knew why.

Eldredge had seen the answer to his problem. He had seen what to do about Mary, who was a very fine girl, and Dick, who was a very fine lad, and the gangsters, who would hound him, he realized now, the rest of his life. He had seen what to do about the look in Mary's eyes that had told him it didn't matter what he had been or was, she would go to the ends of the earth with him.

Eldredge said: "What's the idea of hitting the girl?" And Mary's deep-blue eyes flashed proud defiance. These killers were babies to her, before this man she loved.

Eldredge had his turn. The tall son went over to him and slammed him not once but a dozen times. With the knuckles, with the open palm on the backswing.

Eldredge put up a hand briefly, then he cowered. He stood there hanging his head.

The gangster spat: "An' they told us you might get tough!"

I didn't look at Mary's face.

YOU see how important it was that I, for some crazy reason, never told Dick and Mary about that night Eldredge cut those four rowdies down?

The main thing, though, is: Did Eldredge finally get a chance to go to work on those two lugs when he got out on the road with them?

I'll probably never know about that. What I do know is that Eldredge figured well when he figured Dick and Mary to make a fine couple.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

- 1—Senator Charles L. McNary, Oregon.
- 2—Home, Sweet Home, from Clari, or the Maid of Milan; I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls, from The Bohemian Girl; 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer, from Martha.
- 3—The percentage of males to population, 1930 census, was 51.2 per cent.
- 4—Pennsylvania Station.
- 5—Poem, Oliver Wendell Holmes; short story, O. Henry.
- 6—The Republic of Haiti and the Dominican Republic.
- 7—Mickey Rooney in Young Tom Edison, and Spencer Tracy in Edison the Man.
- 8—Standard gauge, 56½ inches from the inside of one rail to the inside of the opposite; narrow, anything less.
- 9—Saturday.
- 10—(a) Washington, (b) Charleston, S. C., and (c) Mobile, Ala.
- 11—More for food. More for housing.
- 12—John L. Sullivan. Carnera. Fitzsimmons.
- 13—Eamon de Valera.
- 14—Listen! the Wind, by Anne Lindbergh; Land Below the Wind, by Agnes Newton Keith; and Wind, Sand and Stars, by Antoine de Saint Exupéry.
- 15—Indiana; New York; Texas; South Carolina.
- 16—Galesburg, Ill., Knox College.
- 17—The Duke of York.
- 18—Pied.
- 19—Canoeing.
- 20—

David Webster

"WAS MY FACE RED!"



WHOSE FACE? "My face," said Charley, "after Mabel bawled me out for raking her face with my whiskers. And right there and then I decided to get myself a smoother, cleaner, fresher-feeling Barbasol Face."

HIGH BICYCLES were all right in their day and so were old-fashioned shaving methods. But why go on punishing your face with harsh preparations that tend to dry and irritate the skin, making it rough and coarse—when you can use modern Barbasol, soothing and beneficial—the quickest, smoothest, sweetest shave you ever had.



TENDER SKIN? Then let Barbasol help to protect your skin, not only from your razor while you shave, but also leave it feeling soothed and refreshed *after you've shaved*—thanks to Barbasol's beneficial oils. (Your druggist has Barbasol in three sizes, 25¢, 50¢, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades, 15¢.)



**For modern shaving —
No Brush — No Lather — No Rub-in**

DANIEL'S CHOICE

SAM'S grandma was a very religious woman, and when he pinched the money she had saved for the Missionary Society and went to the circus in Allentown, she punished him for a year. Every Saturday afternoon that summer you'd see Sam, in the faded blue shirt that was too small for him, and ripped so you could glimpse the freckled skin, and that dinky cap cut out of some felt hat he found on the highway, pushing the lawn mower around the neat white church that grandma attended. And that winter you'd hear his shovel scraping through the hush of a blizzard, or on some raw blinding morning see him dumping ashes on the walk.

Occasionally neighbors would pass by, and since Sam was taciturn and sullen it was a temptation to pester him with questions; but nobody got a rise out of him, not even in June when the posters were up for the circus again.

"I hear the circus is coming."

He would go right on pushing the lawn mower.

"A circus is something to see, all right."

One thing grandma had passed on to Sam, and that was a poker face, though neither one of them came by it playing cards.

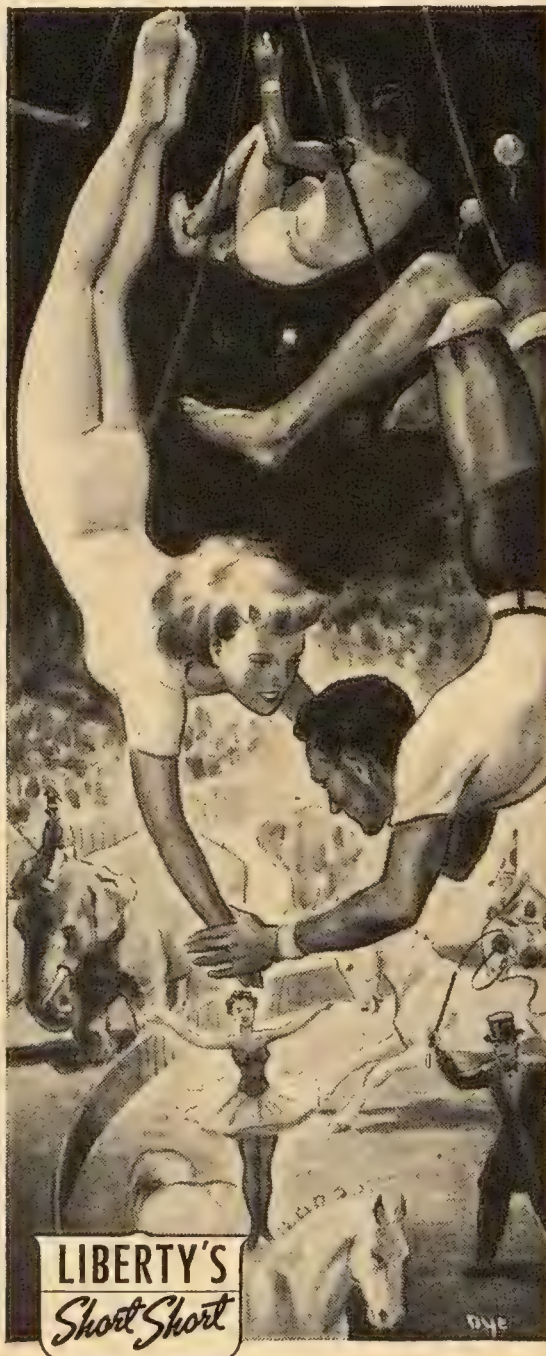
"Reckon you'll get to see it?"

His jaw would tighten sullenly at this twitting, but he would make no comment. Some thought that, for a boy going on to seventeen, he didn't have much gumption. Others thought he was a character, scornful as a crow in the top of a tree.

One evening the circus vans came rumbling down the highway. They had posters on them—white horses with red nostrils and flying manes jumping through flaming hoops, and girls with yellow hair and pink tights hanging by their heels from trapezes. Most of the fellows Sam's age were waiting around the empty lot on the edge of town, itching to help pitch the tents or to see the bearded lady in street clothes.

Grandma had Sam sitting in the kitchen, listening to her read aloud from a book about the early Christian martyrs who were burned at the stake or mauled by lions. Grandma hated the highway that split her orchard, so she never sat in the front of the house. She was irked by the spiteful gusts made by cars as they passed over her hilltop, and when a chicken was killed she'd grumble for days. One time when some tourists stopped to ask for a glass of water, she told them to go on down to the filling station, and slammed the door in their faces.

So this evening when she was reading to Sam, and they heard the grinding brakes and the sound of collision, she looked up sharply for a minute



LIBERTY'S
Short Short

BY HILDA COLE

and then pursed her lips.

"The God of wrath is a mighty God," she said.

"Grandma—"

"Just set where you are," she said.

While grandma was reading, a lion came in the back door, which was propped open. He was a mangy lion with a matted mane and an odor like rancid raw meat, and he slunk with a guttural grumbling into the corner near the stove. Grandma slipped off the chair and sank to her knees.

"Save me, Lord, for I am a sinner!" she quavered.

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

Sam rose slowly from the chair he was sitting on. He picked it up and stood in front of grandma, with all four legs of the chair between him and the lion. The lion rolled his head to one side, and his yellow eyes gleamed as he took a slicing swipe at Sam.

Into Sam's eyes came a sudden light as mean and yellow as the lion's. He jabbed the chair at the lion, who gave a cavernous growl and slunk past the stove into the next corner. Sam turned cleverly, keeping the legs of the chair between them.

"Git up and blow up a paper bag," he growled.

Grandma reached in the table drawer and drew out a paper bag and tried to get enough breath to blow it up. Sam kept jabbing at the lion and forcing him back into the corner, where he rolled his head and snarled. Sam backed away to the wall and opened the door into the parlor. Then he moved closer to the lion, making jabbing motions with the chair. The lion roared.

"Mercy, God!" crooned grandma.

"Pop that bag," Sam said. "Pop it hard!"

As the concussion sounded, Sam jabbed hard, and the lion sneered and slunk toward the parlor door. He lingered, crouched against the wall, his paw raised, his jowls quivering in a look of almost comical hatred. Then he sprang through the parlor door, and Sam closed it.

"Git down on your knees and thank the Lord, Sam," said grandma.

"You'd better thank the Lord I seen that circus," Sam said, and he went out the back door without another word.

He walked around the house and looked in the parlor window. The lion was slinking round and round the room. For an instant the two of them stared at each other yellowly through the pane. Then Sam walked to meet the men who were running toward him up the highway. He could see the overturned red-and-yellow van farther down on the shoulder of a curve.

In about an hour the lion tamer came with a big truck and a portable runway, and Sam helped him drive the lion out of the parlor with two kitchen chairs and a blank pistol. Then Sam climbed up beside the lion tamer in the van.

Sam travels with the circus now. He can make a panther roll over and a tiger walk a tight rope. He is a mean-looking fellow with hair on his arms and a scar on one cheek, and he wears riding pants and chews tobacco. Women go for Sam, and when they ask him how he got to be a lion tamer a yellow look comes into his eyes and he spits tobacco at some quickly selected target.

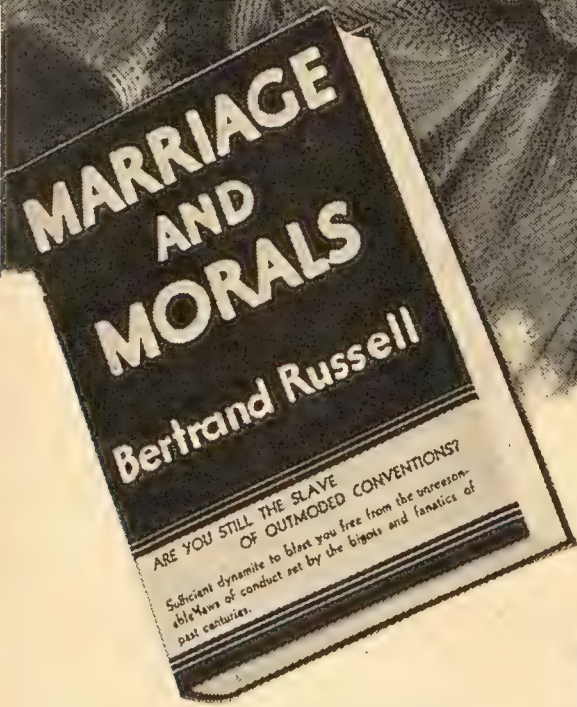
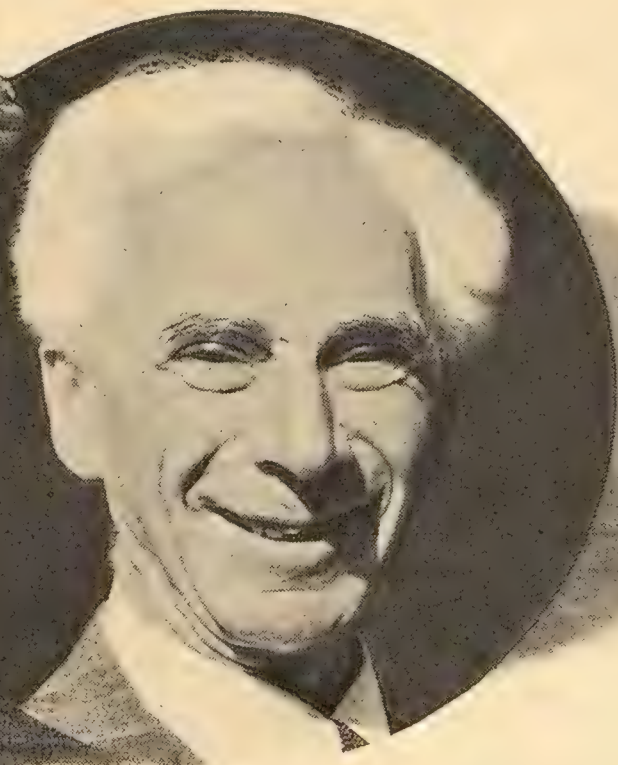
"They ain't near as mean as old ladies," he says.

THE END



When England's Earl Russell—who prefers to be known simply as Bertrand Russell—was appointed professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York, Episcopal Bishop William T. Manning denounced him as one who "specifically defends adultery." There followed a nationwide storm of discussion and action, in the course of which the New York Supreme Court voided the appointment and Mayor LaGuardia abolished the professorship by striking it from the New York City budget.

While all this was raging about the surprised professor's head, Liberty asked him to answer the question which stands as the title of this article. And, so that its readers may have both sides, it has invited a reply from Jean Kay, the taxpayer whose suit led to the voiding of the appointment. Mrs. Kay's views will be presented next week.



DO I

Preach

ADULTERY?

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

NO, I do not preach adultery. I am aware that, by careful selection and omission of context, I can be made to seem to do so in the eyes of people already prejudiced against me. But what I really think is something different, which I will try to make clear.

I believe, in common with the great majority, that a lifelong affection for one partner, where it exists, is what is best. I believe that where there is any possibility of the realization of this ideal, it is wise and right to restrain such wandering desires as might imperil harmony. I believe that when people marry, it should be in the hope that love will last, and with the intention of doing everything in their power to cause it to last. Times

A storm-center of controversy revealingly replies to a pointed question put to him by Liberty

of friction may occur without destroying the underlying bond; if so, they should be endured with self-control and mutual forbearance. In all this, my views are the same as my critics'.

The difficult questions arise when marriages are unhappy. The traditional view, that marriage is a sacrament which can be terminated only by death, is not that now taken by the law in the great majority of civilized countries, including the United States (with the exception of South Carolina). The sacramental view rests

upon theological grounds, which this is not the place to argue. My views, in agreement with those of the legislatures that allow divorce, are based upon the belief that human institutions should minister to human happiness, and that that form of law and custom is best which does most to promote the welfare of the parties concerned. It should, however, be noted that those who believe marriage to be sacramentally indissoluble are compelled to regard remarried divorced persons as adulterous. When, there-

fore, they say (as they do) that I preach adultery, they may mean merely that I hold the marriage of divorced persons to be legitimate. If so, their words convey a very false impression.

When a marriage is unhappy, there are various possibilities. Both parties, or one, or neither, may desire a divorce; both, or one, or neither, may remain physically faithful. I think that when either strongly and for a considerable period desires a divorce, there is little hope of the marriage again becoming happy. In some cases this is obviously impossible; for instance, where one party suffers from incurable insanity. The law ought to grant divorce for this cause, but if it does not, humane people do not blame the person who takes, seriously and with a sense of responsibility, the liberty which the law ought to allow to him or her.

Such cases, however, are exceptional. The really difficult cases are those in which husband and wife, in spite of a greater or less degree of unhappiness, still, for the sake of the children or for some other reason, think the marriage worth preserving. Such cases occupied my thoughts, perhaps too much, at the time when

I wrote *Marriage and Morals*. This book was written with a view to conditions in England, where divorce (at that time) was only possible for adultery. Subsequent experience in other countries, especially America, has made me think the avoidance of divorce less often desirable than I then thought it. The chief argument against divorce is the effect on children, but a home life with parents who are on bad terms with each other is apt to be even more harmful to them than divorce.

Nevertheless, there are marriages which, though no longer very happy, may be considered worth preserving, and it is they that raise the question of adultery in its most difficult form. Different considerations are called for in regard to the two parties. We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that the husband, but not the wife, has been unfaithful. He is torn in one direction by love, she in the opposite direction by jealousy. Each, under the influence of passion, is likely to behave in an undesirable way. But traditional morality takes the view that, while his passion is wholly to be condemned, hers, provided it stops short of crime, is to be regarded

as righteous. Such a judgment seems to me too simple. I should say to both: If you wish your marriage to be preserved, it will be necessary for at least one of you to practice self-restraint; if neither can do so, the marriage had better be dissolved.

The dissolution of a marriage is, however, to be avoided if possible, not only on account of the children but also for other reasons. As I said in *Marriage and Morals*, "A companionship which has lasted for many years and through many deeply felt events has a richness of content which cannot belong to the first days of love, however delightful these may be. And any person who appreciates what time can do to enhance values will not lightly throw away such companionship for the sake of new love."

THIS consideration has two sides. On the one hand, it should operate to restrain both parties from infidelity; on the other hand, if infidelity has occurred, it should lead the other party to be willing to cope with jealousy if possible, provided there is still something of value to be preserved. It may be said: "That is all very well, but to say that infidelity should be condoned is, in effect, to encourage adultery." The same argument could be applied against all forgiveness, and yet forgiveness, in general, is considered a Christian duty. And in fact forbearance often so increases affection as to prevent repetition of a first infidelity.

Not a few marriages are ruined by causeless jealousy. In the end, too often, the jealousy ceases to be causeless, although if it had not existed there would never have been any occasion for it. Jealousy is a feeling which most people cannot help having, but its intensity can be greatly increased or diminished by social conventions and received ethical codes. Where public opinion recognizes the "unwritten law," according to which the aggrieved party may murder the adulterous couple or either of them, crimes of passion will be much commoner than where a certain degree of self-restraint is expected. I cannot help thinking that jealousy, though in some degree unavoidable, is regrettable and degrading, since it is based upon the indefensible feeling of property in another human being. Adultery and jealousy, though they may be undesirable, are sure to occur not infrequently; neither should be regarded as unforgivable, but both should, as far as possible, be subjected to rational restraints.

There are some who hold that any man who does not approve of legal penalties against adultery is, *ipso facto*, an advocate of adultery. This is as false as to suppose that opponents of prohibition must be in favor of drunkenness. I hold that adultery should not be subject to legal penalties, but I should still hold this opinion if I thought as ill of it as do the most bigoted of my critics. A law which cannot be enforced is a bad law. Every person who knows

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EASY TO COVER WITH A READY-MADE BAND-AID. NO FUSSING WITH AWKWARD, HOME-MADE BANDAGES.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
ADHESIVE BANDAGES

Diagram labels: ADHESIVE, GAUZE

anything of the lives of his acquaintances, and in particular every priest who hears confessions, knows that adultery frequently occurs, and not less frequently in New York State than where no law against it exists. Where there is a law against it, it is almost a dead letter, except in rare instances. Laws which are thus capricious in their operation are indefensible. They do practically nothing to prevent the acts that they forbid, although they provide an occasional outlet for spite. Their most important effect is to weaken the general respect for the law. The effect of the prohibition of adultery as a possible engine of tyranny is admirably set forth in Shakespeare's Measure for Measure. This was pointed out to me when I was young by my Victorian grandmother, one of the strictest moralists that ever lived.

The real difference between me and my opponents goes much deeper than the question of sexual morality. What is involved is the whole conception of "sin." Are certain classes of acts, on the basis of authority and tradition, to be called "sin," and forever removed from rational discussion? Or should we recognize that in a changing world ethical codes, like other things, must from time to time undergo some modification?

For my part, I should contend that every ethical code must be judged by its capacity to promote human welfare. This was the view that Christ expressed when He said, "The sab-

bath is made for man, and not man for the sabbath." His disciples, plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath, appeared to their orthodox contemporaries just as wicked as I appear to mine. All the greatest religious teachers have always taught that goodness is a matter of the heart, of the springs of action, not of external obedience to a code. In this I think they were in the right. I lay no claim to virtue in action, but I do believe that my conception of what constitutes virtue is nearer to that of the great teachers than is the conception of persecuting bigots.

To my mind, the sort of conduct that is to be commended is not that which fulfills certain rules, but that which springs from kindness and love of truth. Moral indignation is not the best attitude toward those whose actions we deplore. It is much better to seek to understand the causes of their behavior, and to search out its roots in individual psychology and social circumstances. Too often, in those who believe themselves to be lofty moralists, one detects a desire to inflict pain, and a use of the moral code to give an excuse. Christ protected the woman taken in adultery from punishment, but many of His professed disciples in the present day show no wish to imitate Him in this respect. In the penal code, and in the moral education of the young, it has gradually been found that great mitigations of traditional severity were desirable in the interests of moral

improvement; but at each stage these mitigations have been opposed by those to whom punishment was the most attractive part of morality.

Love of truth, or (as it may be called) the scientific outlook, is, to my mind, only second to loving-kindness as an ethical principle. The man of science knows that it is difficult to ascertain truth, and probably impossible to ascertain it completely. He holds his opinions not as unalterable dogmas but only as what seems most likely to be true on the evidence hitherto available. Whatever opinions I have expressed, I hold in this spirit. There is not one of them that I am not prepared to abandon if new evidence of a convincing kind is brought to my notice; but equally there is not one of them that I am prepared to modify or suppress from fear of punishment or hope of worldly advancement.

It is difficult not to let one's opinions harden into dogmas when one is attacked by furious dogmatists. But dogmatic resistance and pusillanimous surrender are alike untrue to the scientific spirit. It is for the scientific spirit, not for any conclusions to which it may have provisionally led me, that I am prepared to fight with all my strength. For it is only by the scientific spirit wedded to loving-kindness that human life can be made less painful and less full of misery than it is now and has always been since the dawn of history.

THE END

WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T GET AHEAD THESE DAYS!



LOOK AT ME! WHY, JUST 6 WEEKS AGO...

WHAT DID THE BOSS THINK OF YOUR BRANCH-OFFICE PLANS, FRED?

OH, I GOT THE OLD RUN-AROUND, AS USUAL, BOB! A GUY'S A SAP TO THINK HE CAN GET AHEAD THESE DAYS!



YOU'VE GOT GOOD IDEAS, FRED, BUT—WELL—YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO GET VERY FAR UNTIL YOU WAKE UP AND SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



MY DENTIST TOLD ME...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



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"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop

the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

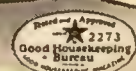
AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...

BEST OF LUCK IN THE NEW JOB, FRED! I KNEW YOU'D DO IT!

THANKS TO THAT TIP YOU GAVE ME, BOB! I'M GOING PLACES NOW!



BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

WHAT'S in it for me?" The day Bill Terry popped this one at a baseball scrivener who was merely seeking a little information for his daily newspaper stint, there was no end of eyebrow lifting in our set.

This simply wasn't cricket by any of the old-time standards, and some of the boys lost little time in exploiting this line to the limits of its possibilities. To their already well stocked supply of sobriquets, such as "Colonel Sourpuss" and "the Cheerless Leader," they now added "What's-in-It-for-Me Terry."

Actually, Terry will discuss tomorrow's news story as freely and intelligently as any baseball manager past or present. But let the Giants' old colonel suspect you are pumping him for a little extra work such as, say, a magazine story, and you are quickly made aware of the fact that you are now playing the gentleman for a dope.

For Terry, like most all successful

Diamonds and gold!—An eye-opening look at something new in sportdom

BY JOHN DREBINGER

Dizzy Dean bears down.



BALLPLAYERS WHO GET RICH

ballplayers today, does not consider baseball merely as a sport, but as a business, and a mighty good and profitable one.

This, indeed, is a far cry from the roistering days of those picturesque fellows who made baseball history of another sort decades ago—the Rube Waddells, Bugs Raymonds, Grover Alexanders, Irish Meusels, and Dave Bancrofts, who invested their money with the lavish gestures of the John L. Sullivan school but wound up owning no palatial estates.

Your present-day ballplayer can see nothing humorous in the rise and fall of a Bugs Raymond. For he sees in this eccentric merely another "horrible example"; one who might have retired as a man of independent means, but died, instead, in poverty.

Dizzy Dean, whose eccentricities may classify him as a modern Bugs Raymond, except that you will never read of Diz selling baseballs to buy any one a drink, can be regarded in matters financial about as crazy as a fox.

How deeply this has impressed itself upon ballplayers of today might best be described by the conversation that passed between the veteran Freddie Lindstrom and the rookie Augie Galan the day the Cubs clinched the National League pennant in 1935. Having taken a personal fancy to the youthful Galan, Lindstrom now asked Augie what he intended to do with his World Series check.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Augie. "Guess I'll just stick it in the bank."

"That's right," said Freddie. "Just stick it in a bank, start right in writing checks, and in a few months you won't have a nickel of it left."

"Now, listen. Let me give you some sound advice. I've been all through this racket for more than ten years. Put that money where you can't touch it. Add all you can to it. Don't wind up like some of these old hands you see, who get kicked around by club owners because they can't afford to hold out!"

Galan put his \$5,000 in an annuity. The first and perhaps greatest of all the business-man ballplayers was, curiously enough, one of the game's greatest performers—the matchless Tyrus Raymond Cobb. He invested wisely, and, though he never quite touched the princely salaries that came a little later with the Babe Ruth era, nevertheless amassed a fortune. He was reputed to be a millionaire the day he retired, and, with some of his heaviest investments in a soft-drink company, during prohibition his stock soared sky-high. Even the depression failed to make much of a dent in the

Cobb fortune, and today the Georgia Peach, living the life of a retired country gentleman, is worth a cool \$4,000,000.

In matters financial, however, it remained for Babe Ruth to cut the most incongruous figure of all the old-timers. During more than half of his glamorous career the Babe squandered close to a half million.

The day a five-year contract, calling for \$52,000 a year, expired, the home-run monarch hadn't a dollar he could call his own.

Fortunately, Ruth was still on the way up. He was to see his salary rocket to \$60,000, to \$70,000, and finally to the all-time high of \$80,000 before it began to recede, and during those years of princely income he was induced to salt his money away. Today the retired Mr. Ruth draws close to \$20,000 a year in annuities.

Most ballplayers today live well, are not at all niggardly, but are wholly business-conscious. They appreciate their period of earning power is brief at best, and the majority strive to store their money away as profitably as possible. To invest money wisely is a ballplayer's chief concern these days, and few are gambling it away.

THE END

YESTERDAY'S TERROR RIDES AGAIN

The James boys' tutor in crime lives and loves in a gusty film of the West

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ DARK COMMAND

THE PLAYERS: Claire Trevor, John Wayne, Walter Pidgeon, Roy Rogers, George Hayes, Porter Hall, Marjorie Main, Raymond Walburn, Joseph Sawyer, Helen Mackellar, J. Farrell MacDonald, Trevor Bardette. Screen play by Grover Jones, Lionel Houser, and F. Hugh Herbert, based on the novel by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by Republic. Running time, 94 minutes.

HOLLYWOOD continues its research into picturesque frontier days, hits upon William Clarke Quantrell, who wrote his name in blood across Kansas and Missouri. Quantrell was one of the guerrilla terrorists of the '60s, once called "the bloodiest man in the annals of America." At the head of a band of killers, he rode, robbed, and shot. It was with Quantrell that the James and the Younger boys got their training.

This filming of W. R. Burnett's novel romanticizes Quantrell, elaborates on his brief career as a country schoolteacher, makes him a rival for the heroine's hand. She, a Southern belle and daughter of the banker of Lawrence, Kansas, prefers stalwart Bob Seton, who is the current sheriff of the quick-on-the-trigger community. But, in a moment of confusion or something, she marries Quantrell, and everybody has a tough time for a spell.

Director Raoul Walsh has developed a pioneer melodrama with considerable excitement, a number of good characterizations, plenty of gusty atmosphere of the old West. You will be surprised by Walter Pidgeon's performance of Quantrell (curiously called Cantrell here), a part completely unlike anything he has done in films. Claire Trevor is the girl, and John Wayne is honest Bob Seton who can't read or write but fears no one.

This rates up with any of the big Westerns.

VITAL STATISTICS: Claire Trevor's prolonged illness with flu tied up production, added something like \$200,000 to production costs. . . . John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa; dad the town druggist. . . . Director Raoul Walsh started in films in 1912, at the old Biograph studios. Was John Wilkes Booth in The Birth of a Nation. . . . Roy Rogers, born Leonard Slye, sang his way to radio popularity as Dick Weston on the Cincinnati-produced Sons of the Pioneers program; the films transformed him into Roy Rogers. . . . It was stuntman Yakima Canutt who drove that team off a forty-foot cliff into water. Fixed so that the horses would land free of their harness, able to swim to safety. It was Yakima and his crew, too, who took the tough falls from galloping equines in other scenes.

★ ★ ★ SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

THE PLAYERS: John Garfield, Anne Shirley, Claude Rains, Elisabeth Risdon, Roscoe Karns, Lee Patrick, Dennie Moore, John Ridgely, Margot Stevenson, Nell O'Day, Berton Churchill. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein, based on Maxwell Anderson's play. Directed by Vincent

Sherman. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 101 minutes.

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S stage play was first filmed back in 1929. A simple straightforward little

Anna Neagle and Ray Milland in Irene, a gay, romantic musical.



4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR



Effective May 1st on all transcontinental calls and most other calls over 420 miles

LONG DISTANCE rate reductions, effective May 1st, apply to all transcontinental calls and to most other calls of more than 420 airline miles.

For example, a 3-minute, station-to-station, daytime call between San Francisco and New York formerly cost \$6.50. It now costs \$4, and after 7 P.M., and all day Sunday, only \$3.

The same kind of call between Minneapolis and New Orleans has been reduced from \$3 to \$2.50.

The new low rates bring distant friends or customers much nearer by telephone.

Just glance over the rate table below. Your Long Distance operator will be glad to give you the *new* rates to other far-away points.



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		OLD RATE	NEW RATE	OLD RATE	NEW RATE
SAN FRANCISCO	NEW YORK	\$6.50	\$4.00	\$8.75	\$5.00
PHILADELPHIA	SEATTLE	6.25	4.00	8.50	5.00
SALT LAKE CITY	WASHINGTON, D. C.	5.00	3.50	6.75	4.50
CHICAGO	LOS ANGELES	4.75	3.50	6.25	4.50
PORTLAND, ME.	MEMPHIS	3.50	2.70	4.50	3.60
MIAMI	NEW YORK	3.25	2.50	4.25	3.35
MINNEAPOLIS	NEW ORLEANS	3.00	2.50	4.00	3.35
DALLAS	ST. LOUIS	1.70	1.55	2.25	2.05
CLEVELAND	ATLANTA	1.65	1.55	2.20	2.05
NEW YORK	DETROIT	1.55	1.50	2.05	2.00

★Rates are lower still after 7 P.M. and all day Sunday.

story it was, of two young folks, part of the straining, worrying mass of a great city, who fall in love. He has dreams of adventuring in far-off places, but he throws them all away to marry. Anderson showed what marriage did to these two when bills, relatives, pay cuts, and sundry middle-class problems pressed in upon them.

This is intelligently done. But, like many footlight dramas designed to fit within the narrow confines of three stage walls, it grows monotonous. Garfield strains a little too hard to picture the inarticulate white-collar battler against fate. Still, the picture, for all its sugaring of the original honest play ending, has sincerity. Director Vincent Sherman will bear watching.

VITAL STATISTICS: Vincent Sherman is a new Hollywood directorial personality. His first directing job was *The Return of Dr. X*. This is his second. Sherman is thirty-three, he was born in Georgia, got his A. B. at Oglethorpe University in Atlanta. After that, New York and a try at playwriting. No sales. Then acting. On to Hollywood. Wrote and collaborated on various films at Warners. Then he was rewarded with his directing job. Still wants to write plays, however. Just perverse. . . . Anne Shirley is married to John Howard Payne, the lead of *Star Dust*. . . . Claude Rains is Hollywood's No. 1 cross-country driver. Loves it, he says. Making his tenth trip soon. . . . Dennie Moore, who does the mail-order clerk, is a Hollywood specialist. Sports a prize Bronxese accent. Off the screen has none.

★ ★ ★ IRENE

THE PLAYERS: Anna Neagle, Ray Milland, Roland Young, Alan Marshal, May Robson, Billie Burke, Arthur Treacher, Marsha Hunt, Isabel Jewell, Doris Nolan, Stuart Robertson, Ethel Griffies, Tommy Kelly, Juliette Compton, Roxanne Barkley. Screen play by Alice Duer Miller, based on the musical comedy, *Irene*, book by James H. Montgomery. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 74 minutes.

IN this twenty-year-old musical-comedy success of a mannequin Cinderella, the British star, Anna Neagle, does a pretty little Irish model who wins a rich and handsome playboy, displays a cute brogue, sings a bit, dances a charming waltz, wears any number of attractive frocks. Top moment is the waltz song, shot in color, with Miss Neagle whirling in song, chanting that hit of yesteryear, *Alice Blue Gown*.

All this is life in an ultra-smart clothes shop seen through rose-colored glasses, pleasant enough in its way—that is, if you like that sort of thing.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—*Rebecca*, *Pinocchio*, *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, *Gone with the Wind*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *That They May Live*, *Ninotchka*, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, *Babes in Arms*.

★★★½—*Virginia City*, *The Fight for Life*, *My Son, My Son*, *Road to Singapore*, *Young Tom Edison*, *Northwest Passage*, *His Girl Friday*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *The Great Victor Herbert*, *The Light that Failed*, *We Are Not Alone*, *First Love*.

★★★—*The Biscuit Eater*, *It's a Date*, *Johnny Apollo*, *Primrose Path*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *Too Many Husbands*, *Strange Cargo*, *Dr. Cyclops*, *Buck Benny Rides Again*, *Seventeen*, *The Shop Around the Corner*, *The Fighting 69th*, *The Blue Bird*, *Slightly Honorable*, *The Earl of Chicago*, *Everything Happens at Night*, *Remember the Night*, *Destry Rides Again*, *Geronimo*, *Four Wives*, *Tower of London*, *That's Right*, *You're Wrong*, *Drums Along the Mohawk*, *The Roaring Twenties*, *Hollywood Cavalcade*.



Business men are
impressed by their
poise and assurance.

Lost: 6,000,000 AMERICANS

BY EARL REEVES

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THERE is a "lost" generation of youth in the United States.

Today, some estimate, there are six million young people of both sexes, from sixteen to twenty-one, who are neither in jobs nor in school. They are a group apart, lost; neither children nor adults in the lives they live.

This is an article about what seems to me a remarkable effort being made to help these young people help themselves. Take Albert, for instance.

For Albert, in Flushing, New York, high-school days were nearly ended. Then he could cut grass, rake leaves.

**Courses and hope for stranded, rudderless
lives! An inspiring story of achievement**

What else? He wasn't trained for anything. He saw no opportunity ahead. And he was *painfully* timid.

After two months of rigid probation, he was admitted to full membership in a club-workshop in a house basement. He developed unusual skill

in handicraft and design. But when it was his turn to take a sample kit and sell things he and the other boys had made, he just couldn't! The "president" of "Oddity Shop" said he must—or else.

Conquering fear, he booked a record \$17.40 in orders. Later his designing won him a scholarship.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARMAND SEGUSA

\$1000⁰⁰ of
OLD LINE LEGAL RESERVE
LIFE INSURANCE
 At **ONLY 77¢** per month
 (at age 21)*
But Act Now! Rates Advance Soon!

HERE ARE PRESENT LOW RATES AT YOUR AGE
 (Rates shown are one-half permanent rates beginning fifth year)

Monthly Premium less the 9 1/2% Guaranteed Dividend (at age nearest birthday), per \$1,000			
Age	Age	Age	Age
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23 .81	32 1.03	41 1.39	50 2.04
24 .83	33 1.06	42 1.45	51 2.15
25 .85	34 1.09	43 1.51	52 2.27
26 .87	35 1.13	44 1.57	53 2.39
27 .90	36 1.16	45 1.64	54 2.53
28 .92	37 1.21	46 1.70	55 2.66
29 .95	38 1.25	47 1.79	

A further saving is made by paying premium annually or semi-annually.
 *Owing to low rates at which this policy is offered, the minimum amounts issued are: ages 21 to 45, \$1,600; 46 to 65, \$1,000.

RATES INCREASE SOON ON POSTAL'S FAMOUS "MODIFIED '4'" WHOLE LIFE POLICY
 Cash and loan values; guaranteed 9 1/2% dividends; automatic premium payment clause and all standard provisions included.
OVER \$50,000,000.00 PAID OUT
 by POSTAL LIFE OF NEW YORK to its policy holders and beneficiaries during 35 successful years.
 For full details before rates advance send this coupon.

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DON'T SQUEEZE
SURFACE
PIMPLES

Don't risk scarring your skin and spreading infection by squeezing unsightly pimples and blackheads. Just apply powerfully soothing Zemo—amazingly successful Doctor's formula which quickly relieves itching soreness and starts right in to help nature promote FAST healing. Results from few days' use of Zemo should thrill you! Its marvelous medication has long been approved by leading skin specialists. So clean, dainty—yet so EFFECTIVE. Ointment or Liquid form. Used in best homes yet costs only 35¢, 60¢, \$1.

CHASERS

KILL ALCOHOL and TOBACCO BREATH

Package of 5 tablets **5¢**

AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

Now he's head of an advertising agency art department; income, \$5,000. He's twenty-three. He says he found himself and his backbone when he had to face people and sell. Good folks of Mount Vernon, New York, avoided a certain corner, hang-out for idle boys who got rougher and tougher. Gangs start that way. One day a man came along who somehow got those boys together in City Hall. From a bag he spread on a table many "gadgets." Boys elsewhere had made them all, he then explained. They could make such things—and some spending money.

A few weeks later the ringleader, now president of a club which wanted "to start manufacturing," stood up before a Rotary luncheon and explained the boys' plan and what help they needed. The men helped. The boys have a fine "company" now.

Such stories can be matched by the score. There must be something vital behind them? There is.

I give you Junior Achievement, a youth movement—and a new kind of organization and training for youth—which seems to me to be so real, so needed, that we should help it grow as big as the Scouts or the Y.

The chairman of the board now directing national expansion from headquarters at 16 East Forty-eighth Street, New York, is S. Bayard Colgate, chairman of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

"Junior Achievement units," Mr. Colgate explained, "in effect, are clubs and training schools and factories and corporations in miniature. There is nothing new, untried, or theoretical about it. It has worked locally for years. . . . Extension of the many benefits nationally is our present program."

ASKED about the organization of a single unit of J. A. "To each group of fifteen—boys or girls, ages sixteen to twenty-one—a corporation charter is issued," Mr. Colgate explained. "The group forms a company. With the help of adult advisers, there is a market survey: What sort of product will sell best in this locality? How cheaply can it be produced? Then, what tools and material do we need? And how much capital? Usually it runs twenty-five, fifty, or seventy-five dollars. To raise capital, stock certificates are issued at twenty-five or fifty cents. Members buy what they can, others are sold in the neighborhood. This is strictly business and the company expects to pay dividends. It does. Actual earned dividends.

"A room for a workshop is found. Rent is paid and becomes a fixed charge. Officers are elected: president, secretary, treasurer, sales manager, production manager. At shop-work—usually two evenings a week—the last named is the boss and responsible for efficient low-cost production. Wages are paid, generally ten cents an hour, but only if success warrants that rate.

"The treasurer makes cost-ac-

counting reports showing accurately labor, material, and overhead cost items in each thing produced, whether it is silver jewelry, wrought iron, job printing, or garden furniture.

"Rotation in office generally gives nearly every member specialized experience in the problems of producing, selling, and finance."

Youngsters reached by J. A. are at an age when Scouts, settlement-house activities, and church clubs no longer appeal. But this thing has such a "pull" for them, that in New York City not more than three per cent drop out annually. Mr. Colgate pointed out as significant something written by one of the Junior Achievement advisers as follows:

WE learn the principles of business by actual experience. We know the costs, problems, and headaches of running a business because we have experienced them. . . . We know what management is up against because we are management. We know the problems of labor because we are labor. We know how capital works and produces because we put it to work and see it produce. What better training than this could there be to counteract false social and economic beliefs?"

Business men are impressed by the knowledge, poise, and assurance of the J. A. boy presidents who call on them to explain Junior Achievement. Several corporations, I am told, rate J. A. members on a preferred list when new jobs open.

J. A. develops independence and a pioneering spirit. These youngsters aren't saying, "WPA, here we come." Among them you find a typical Americanism—a stubborn, individual reach for achievement and progress. They will determine what kind of America we will have in years to come.

It is for this reason that so many important men are active on the board which now attempts to spread the benefits of Junior Achievement nationally. Among these are:

James H. R. Cromwell, our Minister to Canada; C. R. Dooley, Socony-Vacuum; A. W. Hawkes, president, Congoleum-Nairn; Charles R. Hook, president, American Rolling Mill; Louis K. Liggett, president, United Drug; F. W. Lovejoy, president, Eastman Kodak; Robert L. Lund, executive vice-president, Lambert Pharmacal; Thomas H. McInnerney, president, National Dairy Products; R. W. Moore, president, Canada Dry; A. W. Robertson, chairman, Westinghouse; C. R. Sheaffer, president, Sheaffer Pen; John P. Syme of Johns-Manville; Howard Coonley, chairman, National Association of Manufacturers.

Junior Achievement has been extended to ten cities in recent months and will open in about twenty more soon. It isn't enough, but as much as can be done on the budget now available for "national staff." Helping the national program is an investment in America Tomorrow.

THE END

HOW TO MAKE GOOD ON THE

BY
**PROFESSOR
WALTER B.
PITKIN**

**Started and want to
keep going?—Here's
sane, helpful advice
from one who knows**

He spoke as if he knew
her. All those eleva-
tor trips had scored!



READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SO you've got a job and want to keep it? Good! Here's how.

First of all, do everything right. Not one thing, but everything. Beware of trying to excel in any single trait if that makes you overlook all other traits. If the job requires four and forty kinds of information, skills, character traits, watch the four and forty, never only three and forty.

FIRST of all, get the feel of the shop. What is this feel of the shop? Newspapermen use the phrase to

mean the underlying will pattern of the business, and all the peculiar, often obscure and sometimes deliberately hidden ways of carrying out this will pattern. The cub reporter, from his first hour on the staff, must do his bit to realize the will pattern. As he succeeds, he advances in the shop.

Here's a newspaper owner who has one flaming dream: he wants to reform the world by turning it over to ten thousand smart fellows (like himself, of course). He hates all forms of popular government. Whether he makes much money from his newspaper doesn't concern him deeply, as long as he doesn't lose heavily. When threatened with losses, he pulls in his horns; he tries printing more popular news and editorials to revive his circulation and advertising. Thus, to the young reporter the pages become chaos. He can't make sense out

of them. To get the feel of the shop, he must first learn that the owner hasn't money enough to pursue his reforms to the limit. His paper compromises profit and reform.

Now, almost every other business has a will pattern. Usually it isn't so clear as in a newspaper; for the ordinary business never puts itself into print for the public to read and inquire. How find the will pattern of a jewelry shop, for example? By looking in the show window? Nonsense! The goods never reveal the inner urge of the owner here. Yet the urge is there.

I used to know a jeweler who carried on his trade for only one real reason: he loved travel, especially in the direction of swanky resorts. That costs money. He wasn't wealthy, but he had a little extra for working capital. So he always picked boats and hotels where he was sure to meet



USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

Use Phelactine Depilatory
REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Try Saxolite Astringent
SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

ADVISES YOUNG GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD



Thousands of young girls entering womanhood have found a "real friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help them go "smiling thru" restless, moody, nervous spells, and relieve cramps, headache, backache, and embarrassing fainting spells due to female functional irregularities. Famous for over 60 years in helping "women's" functional complaints. Try it!

Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in either liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 531-HA, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

A Good Mystery Story Is Better When It's True

The Hidden Truth Behind The Ellis Parker Death Mystery

When Ellis Parker, detective genius of New Jersey, skyrocketed into the Lindbergh kidnaping case with a kidnaping of his own, he launched a mystery greater than any he, himself, ever had been called upon to solve. In one quick flash he became a Jekyll-Hyde sleuth, a criminal plotting a great detective scoop, a detective plotting a great crime. Why?

The answer, presented exclusively in June True Detective, will astound you.

JUNE Issue
On Sale At All
News Stands

TRUE
DETECTIVE
MYSTERIES

society folks and shy millionaires. He took his rarest jewels along with him. He managed to show these to rich acquaintances and often sold them.

Suppose you'd held a job under him. How would you have pleased him best? By finding a mail-order scheme for selling diamonds to a thousand little customers all over the country? I fear not. If, however, you'd hit on a new way of finding where each of the thousand richest women in the world would be at a given date, and on a way of meeting them then and there, you'd have been richly rewarded.

AS you study the feel of the shop where you hold a job at which you want to make good, keep in mind one elementary truth: Every business is owned by a human being (or by several); hence the nature of the human being determines what the business is to accomplish. The owner-manager determines the business; the business determines the job; and the job determines the worker—you.

Huge corporations express many wills. Sometimes this makes it easier for the young worker to perceive the will pattern; for the eccentricities of some of the owners are washed out through the clash of many wills. Only the least common denominator remains. It's usually more rational than any one man's urge.

Find what the boss is driving at and you'll know the rules of the game. But how find it? Make friends, first of all, with everybody else around the place. You're trying to learn, not trying to steal somebody's job. Don't believe everything they tell you. Their errors, lies, and ignorance all fill in dark spots in your picture of the organization.

The number of grouches is often significant. So is the amount of petty graft, shirking, dishonesty, and other vices. Such conditions reveal poor management at the top. Is it due to unclear wills? Or to a clash of wills? Or to weak leadership? Or to some bad outside forces? It's up to you to find out—and soon. Maybe the shop is a good place to get out of. Maybe it offers you the chance of a lifetime as soon as you hit on the secret of improving things there.

Meet everybody who has a glimpse at the kind and volume of business. Meet the credit man. Study the trend. Is the business coming or going? If it's coming, that's all you need to know. If it's going, you'd better find out why. Take all the time in the world to learn all you can; for on your findings your entire future may hang. To make good on your job, you must know whether the job can make good for you.

After you begin to get the feel of the shop, scheme to meet the boss! And meet him!

If the real boss never comes to the department of the business where you work, hit upon some ingenious roundabout way to bring yourself to his attention.

A clever woman I know made it a rule to loiter in the lobby of the office building where the big boss held forth until he came in. She then stepped into the elevator close behind him and rode to his floor. She never spoke to him, never ogled him, but she studied him intensely on each brief upward trip. She formed an impression which proved priceless. She found that the big boss was much more amiable, much kinder, than the fourth assistant vice-president under whom she was working. This emboldened her, many months later, to ask the fourth assistant vice-president for the chance of handling his interoffice tasks, among which was the task of carrying memoranda up to the big boss.

As she walked in on him, he spoke as if he knew her. All those elevator trips had scored! The private secretary noticed it. That same afternoon he dropped in on her. He wasn't overlooking a bet to know everybody the big boss knew.

A few months later our elevator rider got a better job.

Had she been a little cleverer, she would have sought the acquaintance of the private secretary. This is the sure road upward. If you are a humble employee, cultivate the office boy in the outer room where the stenographer sits; then get him to steer you to this stenographer; then get this stenographer to steer you to the private secretary. Sounds like office politics, doesn't it? Well, that's just what it is—and not only legitimate but inevitable. You can't get ahead without knowing everybody and learning from everybody.

IN a big organization you may have to be satisfied with such contacts as you can make with your immediate superior and a few men above him but well below the top. In a sense, you are working for your superior. His success depends partly upon you. He knows it, so he watches you. What can you do for him?

Try to suggest ways of getting something better for less money, time, or energy inside his department. Go on record. Write your ideas in memoranda.

Write notes for the company house organ. Better yet, write something now and then for the trade journals in the field where the company is most active. Get your name in print. Not once, but often.

Attend every meeting of employees, of customers, and of anybody else who will admit you. Listen well. Take notes. Talk with people present. Watch the men higher up as they take the floor in those meetings. Can you speak as well as they do? If not, study until you can.

Send in suggestions of every sort to the proper superiors — usually through your immediate boss.

Come to work early. Stay late. Not every day, but often enough to improve your chances of meeting the men higher up. How's that? Simple! The men higher up work longest and hardest. Being seen often, early and

late, may shoot you upgrade fast, after a year or so.

IN a small business you can't help meeting the boss. Meet him always on a business basis. Strictly business! He's paying you to help him. Then play your part. Whenever you come into his office, whenever you meet him on the street, try to help him—no matter in how petty a way. Don't stand in awe of him. Nine times out of ten, you'd be safe in being a little sorry for him. For, nine times out of ten, the boss of a small business has more troubles than he can bear.

The little manufacturer, the little grocer, the little shoe dealer, the little garage manager, the little hotel-

Read Liberty next week for the seventh and final article of Professor Pitkin's series.

keeper; and all the other little fellows who take in, say, less than \$75,000 a year of gross receipts, are earning amazingly little.

Now, this brings me to one of the most important suggestions I have to offer: *Sell the boss on himself!*

Remember, I'm still talking only of the little fellows. If you work for one of them, sell him on himself. Do that, and he'll do anything within his power for you. For he's been losing faith in himself and in his business all through the past ten terrible years. Loss of faith brings loss of courage. Loss of courage brings loss of drive—and that's an end of forward movement. So you, the worker, must sell the boss on himself. You must pep him up. You must convince him that he isn't going on relief tomorrow.

See how Annabelle did it. She tried it before she got her job—which is even cleverer. She studied a rather unusual specialty business which was plainly having trouble. She bought goods there, talked with clerks, met the employer casually, read all his advertisements, looked up a credit man in the trade and pumped him dry about the specialty, and then plunged.

Said she to the employer: "I like this business. You have a future. To be sure, much remains to be done. But the present situation isn't half so black as I think you regard it. For instance . . ."

Right there she talked for half an hour, revealing solid up-to-the-minute information.

"So I'd like to work here. Whenever you grow to the point of needing extra workers, please give me a chance. I'm all for you."

She got a job. She's making good on it, too. For she is sold on the boss, and she has sold him on himself.

BEWARE of hypocrisy! Prove your faith. Don't mouth it! America cries for genuine people. The age of humbug passes. We are getting down to brass tacks. Be a brass tack—bright and pointed!

THE END



"Traffic's always tied up at this corner . . . since O'Leary started using Mennen Skin Bracer!"



The gals go for it...the intriguing odor of Mennen Skin Bracer. And, boy, how a few drops soothe and refresh your face! Then follow up with Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tint—doesn't show. Try both these swell after-shave products and you'll know why they're the world's most popular!

Swell for electric shaving, too.

TRY THE 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE—SHAVE CREAM—SKIN BRACER—TALCUM FOR MEN

"Why, Aunt Martha . . . how did you know we'd turned in our old refrigerator for a Servel?"



. . . because it freezes silently with

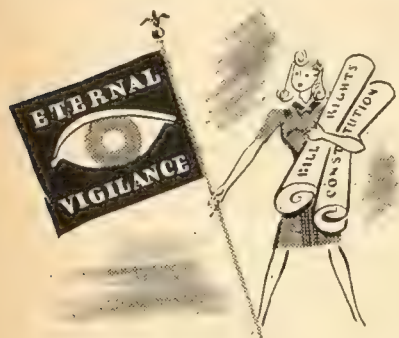
NO MOVING PARTS !

• Yes . . . more and more families every year are replacing other-type refrigerators with the *only* automatic refrigerator whose freezing system has no moving parts to wear or cause noise. See Servel Electrolux at your gas company or local dealer's showroom.



WHEN TOLERANCE IS TREASON

TRENTON, N. J.—When Tolerance Is Treason, by Mr. Rupert Hughes (March 23 Liberty), expresses the conclusion that many of his more inarticulate countrymen have recently come to, I am sure. Many of us have pondered the peculiar tolerance we have had for this foreign isms invasion. The phrase "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" has come to mean a warning, not so much of the bodily invasion of armies, but



a warning also of the invasion of ideas wholly at variance with our own.—Ray Hart.

UPPER DARBY, PA.—Please thank Mr. Hughes for me. He has given me an incentive to live to a ripe old age, and from now on I'm going to bust every one of these cockeyed nuts who pop off about our system of government right in their pyorrhea.—Elmer L. Crocker.

BATON ROUGE, LA.—Now, Rupert Hughes in When Tolerance Is Treason is talking my language—and unquestionably that of the bulk of Americans. The Constitution of the United States of America never was intended to lend itself as an instrument of destruction against our freedom as a people, nor to give aid and succor to totalitarian termites.—C. S.

MUSKEGON, MICH.—That all-American blast by Rupert Hughes, When Tolerance Is

Treason, should be in 30-point type!—Phil Perry.

PRINCETON, ILL.—Why didn't you put the Hughes article on page 1 instead of page 57?—R. G. Dawson.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Rupert Hughes' article, I believe, is without comparison or precedent. Purely red-blooded American and full of the kind of vital information that should be made available to university and high-school students, American Youth Congress and other youth associations.

What a revelation to Communists themselves, were they to read this article!—Cecil J. Botz.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—When Tolerance Is Treason is a powerful and convincing document which every American and un-American should read.

It should be on the front page of every newspaper in the land. It states the plain truth of a terrible situation in this country, and something should and must be done about it—NOW!—C. A. Allen.

SOUTH HARPSWELL, ME.—There are those who will not agree with Mr. Hughes. Perhaps they are like the little girl in school. When the nurse came in to examine the pupils, all went well until it came her turn. She began to cry and asked to be dismissed, saying she had terrible pains in her stomach. Later, when asked for an explanation of the sudden illness, she replied, "Well, I thought it better to get out with a respectable stomach-ache than to stay and have bugs found in my hair."—Anna H. Douglass.

[Hundreds of similar letters were received by us and Mr. Hughes—showing which way the wind blows.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

FANS BOIL ABOUT BOYLE'S

PITTSBURGH, PA.—In March 30 Vox Pop one Jack R. Berne of Los Angeles, California, says the Jack Dempsey-Firpo bout was fought in Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City.

He is wrong, as the fight was in the National League Park, Polo Grounds, in New York City in 1923.

Dempsey fought only once in Boyle's Thirty Acres, and then with G. Carpentier.

Look up your boxing records, Jack. "I was there, Sharlie!"—Pittsburgh Cop.

[Fight fans from all over the country gave Mr. Berne a unanimous boo for his bad memory. They said he, not Dempsey, was "still out on his feet."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

CURE FOR COMMON COLD

HOUSTON, TEX.—"Why not have Mr. Macfadden devote an editorial to the cure for the common cold?" asks a March 30 Vox Popper. I found



the cure in Physical Culture many years ago: Fast three days and drink plenty hot water. Stay in bed if you can. It works!—Horatio.

MRS. HOLLINGSWORTH SAYS—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In April 6 Liberty my picture appears with that of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and others. There is no explanation *why* I am there. The truth is this: That picture was taken at the annual meeting of the National Youth Congress over a year ago, at which time I set forth my ideas as *against* those of Mrs. Roosevelt. —Mildred Hollingsworth.

¶ "Why is humor almost extinct?" wails J. A. Williams of Los Angeles, California. "Why not give us two pages of jokes in Liberty—even aged ones!"

SEX IN SCHOOLS

DULUTH, MINN.—In March 9 Liberty there was an article entitled Shall Sex Be Taught in Public Schools? written by some doctor. The honorable author said, in effect, that 80 or 90 per cent of the conversation carried on in adolescent "bull sessions" is about sex—with which I agree; but I don't agree with the rest of the sentence, which said that the conversation was serious speculation on love and life.

I know that only about 10 per cent of this talk is serious; the rest is mostly dirty jokes and stories.

I think I know what I'm talking about, because I am only sixteen and have lived in three different sections of the United States in the past year.—R. G. K.

¶ "It might do some good if you would publish The Hidden Master of the New Deal again in Liberty sometime this year—long enough before the election in November next," suggests F. G. Meilike of Sacramento, California.

WRONG ANSWERS

MINOCQUA, WIS.—The answer to Question No. 8, April 6 Twenty Questions, should be —37.96 degrees F. in place of 37.96 degrees F.

The answer given for Question No. 13 also is wrong. Using identical heating methods, tea should be made more quickly at Atlantic City, not Denver. The writer evidently did not consider the fact that intensity of heat is based on temperature and not the boiling point of liquids. Boiling is merely the vaporization of liquids subjected to heat, due to a reduction in pressure. Therefore, at higher altitudes, due to a reduction in pressure, the liquid will boil (vaporize) quicker at a lower temperature; thus, due to the decrease in the intensity of heat—temperature—it will take more time to properly prepare the tea or any other liquid or substance.—Walter A. Hennig.

SURPRISED!

BENTON, ARK.—It is with great surprise and regret that I note that Bernarr Macfadden has gone over to the "enemy"; i. e., he has qualified for United States senator from Florida in the Democratic primary.

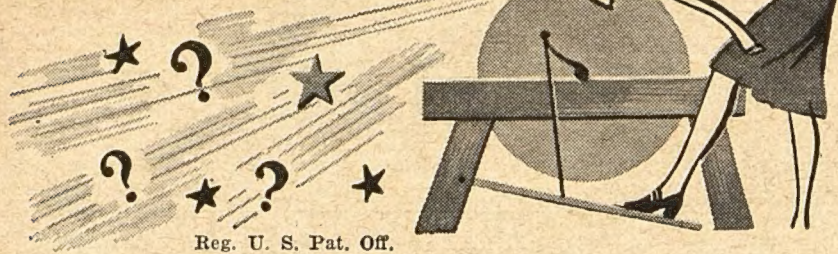
Ye gods, it is hard to believe



this has happened! I would not have been more surprised had the Rock of Gibraltar vanished or the Statue of Liberty walked away from Bedloe Island.—By Heck.

[Mr. Macfadden has always been an independent in politics, and prides himself on his liberal record.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

POP



MEHATEWAROKULIED INCH

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'd be very grateful if some one would tell me how the heck we Vacation Resort Contest fans are expected to fill in the solutions to the entry in March 30 Liberty.

One of the submitted words to be unscrambled is MEHATEWAROKULIED. The space allowed for the solution is exactly *one inch* long. I defy any one to prove it can be done.

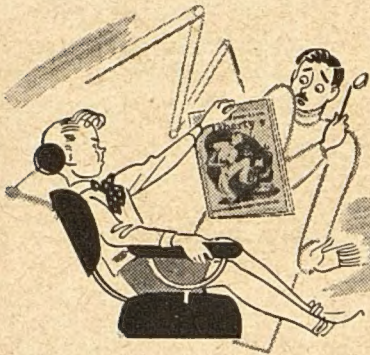
As for myself, I'm trying to get in touch with the guy who etches the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin.—*Joseph F. Kehoe.*

BEATING A DRUM?

LAKEVILLE, CONN.—For years, until lately, I have looked forward to Wednesday, when the new Liberty is on sale here. It seemed to be an American magazine for Americans; but since the European dogfight there is a strong suspicion on the part of the writer that you are beating a drum.—*Erwin Ney.*

HUMOR AT THE DENTIST'S

PORTLAND, ORE.—A small boy whom we had never seen before came to the office with



his mama. The little boy had a toothache. It wasn't a very bad ache. The child was treated with every consideration, but turned on the meanest personality we have ever run across. He yowled and growled and howled and did

everything but bite his dentist's hand off. When he was finally subdued to quietness (if one could term it that), he made a beeline for the reception room. That part was all right. But when he came right back in, we knew something was up. With an air of self-satisfaction, he handed me Liberty for February 3. I wonder why?

Maybe you don't think a child six years old understands your humor (?). What a sweet-dispositioned child won't change to when subjected to such cartoons!—*George Nygard, D. M. D.*

❑ "Why not substitute the ostrich for the eagle in our American emblem?" inquires S. J. Butts of Kennett, Missouri.

CHANGE FOR LIARS

FORT WORTH, TEX.—I think H. A.'s suggestion (March 2 Vox Pop) regarding a story about bartenders is timely. The bartender is now the Vanishing American.

The writer has known bartenders since the gay '90s, but in these hectic '40s all we have is sandwich makers and soda jerkers.

I might write a story myself on bartenders when I get back to my Arizona desert shack. Why not make a contest out of it? Let the best liar win!—*W. M. James.*

HOW ABOUT IT, F. P. A.?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Others have by now probably called your attention to the error of the erudite Franklin P. Adams in his 40 Questions quiz in Liberty (March 2).

He asks what weekly magazines are mentioned in the Declaration of Independence, and in his answers gives "Life, Liberty." So far, so good.

But why discriminate? In line 17, as originally drafted, "Time" is mentioned.

Will he send me the penalty sent to those who stump him on his great radio program?—*Albert T. Blanford.*

ARE WE FIT TO BE PARENTS?

DAYTON, OHIO—Helen Sherman refers to babies of unwed mothers as though born with a stigma (April 6 Vox Pop). There are no such things as illegitimate children. There are, I am willing to grant, illegitimate parents, but every child is legitimate. Every child has the right to be born, but do we have the right to be parents?

In some circumstances, yes; in others, no.

If we don't give a child a chance from the beginning, what chance will it have through the rest of its life?

After all, are we fit to be parents ourselves?

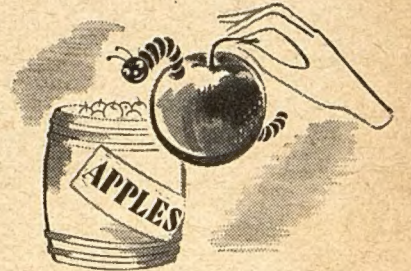
I'm afraid society has placed the blame on an innocent child's shoulders. For shame! Should we adults be so cowardly as to hide behind a babe?—*M. Douglass.*

ROTTEN APPLES

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Did George E. Waugh (March 30 Vox Pop) ever stop to think that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? He decries the efforts of Mr. Dies to rid this country of undesirable

and viperish foreigners that bite the hands that give them freedom and protection. By his own figures, the ratio of this scum is about 1 to 1,600, so what?

Let him try an experiment. In a hogshead full of good apples, which would be about 1,600 apples, let him put one rotten apple in the midst of them, and if left alone see what happens to the good apples. He will find that the rotten apple gradually rots

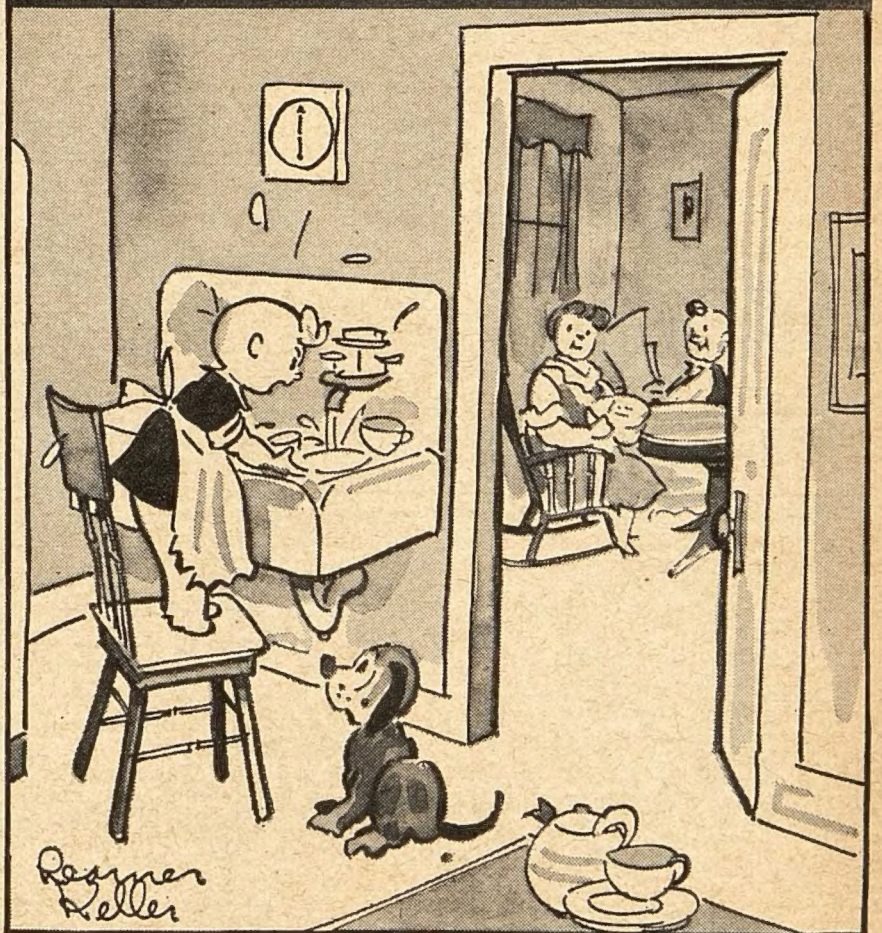


the whole lot of them if it is not cleaned out and gotten rid of.

That is the way the 80,000 rotters will affect the rest of the 130,000,000 people that Mr. Waugh says will not be affected.—*William Curtis.*

❑ "It might interest you to know that I shook hands with Lincoln when I was six," announces Willis L. Smith of Brighton, Michigan, "and with nearly every President since."

"HARDTACK"



"When I grow up I'm goin' to have two kids—one for washin' and one for dryin'!"

Dancing on a Volcano



FULTON OURSLER

SOME YEARS ago I spent a week in one of the gayest and loveliest of the European capitals—Copenhagen, in Denmark. Many have called it the Vienna of the North. Ever since my little sojourn in Copenhagen, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, has seemed to me a

libel on the Danish character. Far from being melancholy, the people of that sturdy country were filled with an abundance of the joy of living; Copenhagen was a place where one wanted to linger.

The good things of life were there: young lovers in the enchanted groves of Tivoli Gardens; fine trays of Danish pastry in Wivel's. But now all that gaiety and zest for life has passed away from Copenhagen, just as it also passed away from that capital of the human spirit that was called Vienna.

Denmark, as everybody knows, is no longer Denmark but an invaded country governed by soldiers of another country. When I read the news of that stroke of blitzkrieg, I talked to Eddie Doherty, just home from a job of war correspondence for Liberty, just a little while home, in fact, from Helsinki and Copenhagen.

"How was it in Copenhagen when you left? Did they guess what was coming?" I asked Doherty. He told me then of those last days when men and women who knew how to live decently and gaily had smiled and danced over a volcano, closing their ears to its rumblings. It was a moving tale, and I asked Eddie to tell it to you. He does tell it to you next week in an article called *I Was in Denmark Just Before the Deluge*.

Denmark today is no longer the gay country that, like its prince of old, was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Like Hamlet, Denmark was betrayed from within and, like Hamlet, was caught in the clutch of an inescapable tragedy.

It makes me think of one of Edwin Markham's poems on the Fall of the Bell Tower of Venice, quoted effectively recently in an address by Senator Arthur Vandenberg:

And so I fear, my country, not the hand
That shall hurl might and whirlwind on
the land.

I fear not titan traitors that shall rise
To stride like broken shadows on our
skies.

I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and school and citadel and
shrine;

The worm of fraud; the fatted worm
of ease,

And all the crawling progeny of these;
I fear the vermin that shall honeycomb
the towers

And walls of State in unsuspecting
hours.

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ANOTHER GREAT FEATURE next week is an article by the Police Commissioner of Boston, Joseph F. Timilty, who writes a brave article on Crimes We Dare Not Talk About. Here

a city official dares to discuss certain problems affecting the youth of today, problems that must somehow be faced.

BUT NOT ALL THE ARTICLES in Liberty next week are as serious as that. For example, there is a Fashion Quiz, by Elizabeth Hawes, and a piece by William C. de Mille about the salaries of Hollywood players—Are Hollywood Stars Paid Too Much? There is a good sports piece—about rookies in the baseball teams—that every sports lover will enjoy, *You Never Can Tell About a Rookie*, by Paul Krichell.

There is another article on jobs by Walter B. Pitkin and some wonderful short stories, including *Liar's Luck*, by Ralph R. Perry, and *Sixpenny Miracle*, by Wylly Folk St. John. And finally there is a great new serial by Alan Hynd called *Born to Kill: The Life and Battles of Collishaw, Canadian War Ace*. This intimate picture of the exploits of one of Canada's great war heroes, who is again at the front fighting for his country, will certainly thrill every lover of tales of brave adventure.

I WAS ONE OF THE JUDGES in giving the award for Helpful Citizenship of the Variety Clubs of America. This year's award went to Martha Berry, founder and director of Berry College and the Berry Schools in Georgia. Miss Berry writes that visitors are always welcome at this Christian industrial school for country boys and girls. . . . Edith van C. Torchiana writes as follows from Sherwood, Oregon: "It has just dawned on me that I have first turned to your page every week for months past even though it is last in the book, and after thoroughly enjoying every word you write I am 'in the proper mood' for the rest of your truly splendid magazine. Please accept this letter as just from me to you to thank you personally and to express my appreciation of Liberty. Quite frequently I disagree with articles I read in it, but I believe that is one of the chief reasons I like Liberty, because only by hearing both sides of controversial subjects are one's own ideas clarified. In this world-wide period of hate I am somewhat handicapped, as I can't find a single person or thing to hate sufficiently to qualify for membership. I live in the country midst tall firs, cedars, and dogwood inhabited only by thousands of wild birds, squirrels, rabbits, and such. My neighbors persist in being friendly. I don't belong to any organization for 'building up' or 'tearing down' anything, nor am I associated with any creed, labor union, or political party. Now I ask you—how am I to get a good hate started and thus bring myself up to date? Haven't you noticed that the whole big scheme of things now seems predicated on hatred—from a pair of neighbors belonging to rival labor unions on up the line through race, religion, and politics to great nations and their myriad mysterious doings? In other words, 'START A FIGHT AND LIVE--(OR DIE)' seems to be today's slogan for a full life. At the risk of being hopelessly tagged as antiquated and stodgy, however, I still find it hard to subscribe to such teachings, where only with the assistance of my radio and the daily papers can I even faintly imagine today's gruesome

horrors being perpetrated under the name of advanced civilization. I hope you will pardon the length of my letter, since it is my first to an editor, and accept my warmest wishes to you and to Liberty for a long and continued success."



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY EMERY CLARK



Captain Lloyd H. Bidwell regularly flies the New York-Chicago route.

Captain Roscoe "Rocky" Kent between flights on the New York-Chicago run.



Captain Desmond Shipley is assigned to the Boston-New York route.

When eagles come to earth!

The men who fly the flagships choose Ford Motor Company cars



Captain Durward W. Ledbetter spends his working hours between Nashville and New York.

A recent survey among 206 American Airlines captains and first officers showed that 96, or nearly half, owned Ford, Mercury or Lincoln-Zephyr cars.

These men daily depend on the perfect performance of powerful engines. When they come to earth they find the same sort of performance in the smooth, precise V-type engines that power their cars.

Other mechanically minded executives of the company who own Ford or Lincoln-built cars are the president, vice-president in charge of operations, operations manager, and chief pilot.

This is impressive testimony to the excellence of Ford engineering. These three modern cars bring you some of the buoyant pleasure of piloting a swift ship through the sky.



Captain Daniel W. Machlin handles the controls between New York and Boston.

"Speed wins in
Motor-cycle racing!
Slow burning wins in
the cigarette field!"

SAYS JIMMIE KELLY, CHAMPION
MOTOR-CYCLE RACER AND
ENTHUSIASTIC CAMEL SMOKER



ON THE FAST SIDE — A 50-mile-an-hour skid, and Jimmie Kelly (No. 43) whips into the lead on the ocean beach at Daytona. On a racing motor-cycle Jimmie Kelly is a riding champion, but when it comes to cigarettes, this record-breaking driver is...

"ON THE SLOW SIDE"—That's Jimmie Kelly's way—and the way of millions of other smokers—of saying that he prefers the slower-burning cigarette...Camel. "That's where the 'extras' are in cigarette pleasure and value," explains Jimmie (left).

CHAMPION JIMMIE KELLY (above) is just one of thousands of experienced smokers who have discovered that Camel's slower way of burning means several definite advantages. Being slower-burning, Camels are free from the drying, uncomfortable qualities of excess heat. They give you *extra mildness* and *extra coolness*...always so welcome. Slower burning makes the most of the full, rich flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Camels give you *extra flavor*...don't tire your taste. The extra smoking in Camels is a matter of the smokers' experience, as well as of impartial laboratory record. So get more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack. Get Camels.

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**



THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Slower-burning Camels give you—

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**EXTRA
MILDNESS**

**EXTRA
COOLNESS**

**EXTRA
FLAVOR**